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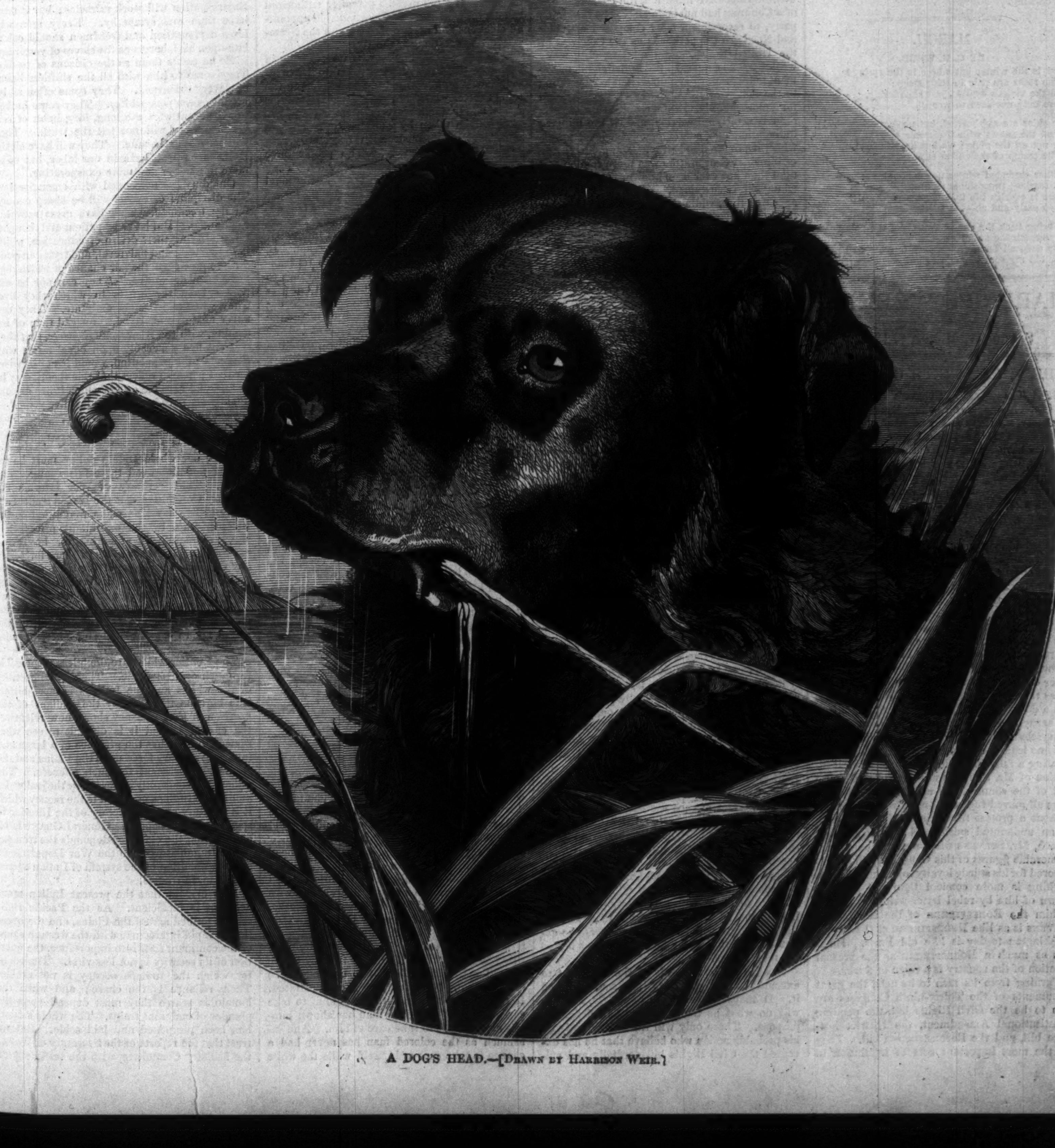
DOMESTIC DOGS.

WE give below a beautiful engraving of a dog's head by HARRISON WEIR, the artist, who is an ardent lover of animals; and in this connection recall several anecdotes of interest as illustrating the sagacity of domestic dogs.

A gentleman in Edinburgh had a clever Newfoundland dog called Dandie. Among other accomplishments he had been taught to take a penny in his mouth, and run to a certain baker's shop every morning, bringing back with him a loaf of white bread which the baker gave him for the penny. This bread he was allowed to eat. One may imagine the pleasure with which he would start away every day with the penny in his mouth for the favorite loaf! One morning a friend of his master's, who had frequently seen him going and returning on this errand, thought to play him a trick. Instead of a good penny he put a bad one in his mouth, and away went Dandie delighted as usual—rather more than usual, indeed, for two loaves in one day were a wonderful pleasure. The shop reached, up went Dandie's paws, and down went the penny on the counter. "Now for the loaf!" thought the expectant dog. But no, the baker looked at the penny curiously and suspiciously, turned it about in his hands, shook his head, and gave poor Dandie the money back again, and no bread! No doubt the baker smiled a little to himself too, thinking that some one had been making fun of the dog, and was not far off enjoying the frolic. As we may suppose, Dandie did not smile—*his* smile, a wag of the tail, was not forthcoming; it was a very serious matter to him that a penny should no longer be able to buy a loaf. He stood a moment thinking, for dogs can think, and to a certain extent reason very wisely, and then, with the useless penny in his mouth, he returned with it to the house of the gentleman who had deceived him, laid the penny at the feet of the servant who opened the door, and walked away with more than a look of disappointment—an air of contempt. If he could have spoken he would no doubt have said, "Tell your master he is a deceiver, and I will never take any more pennies from *him*."

A Newfoundland dog kept at the ferry-house at Worcester, England, became somewhat famous for having, at different times, saved three persons from drowning, and was so fond of the water as to consider a disinclination for it in other dogs as an insult to his species. If a dog was left on the banks by his master, and stood yelping and unwilling to take the water, the Newfoundland veteran would go down to him, and with a satirical growl, as if in mockery, take him by the neck, and throw him into the stream.

The police of the Bow Street division of the



A DOG'S HEAD.—[DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.]

London constabulary force had a remarkable dog whom they christened "Charlie, the White Sergeant." He seemed to comprehend that he was a member of the force, and to feel the responsibilities of his rank. At a quarter to six o'clock every morning he appeared at the first day-relief parade, marching up and down in front of the line with all the importance of a drill-sergeant. On these occasions he was accompanied by his only four-footed acquaintance, "Jeanie," the office cat, who, with bell tinkling at her brass collar, trotted at Charlie's side. Parade over, the dog headed the relief in its march round the beats, and then went on a tour of inspection. He was regularly entered on the mess; his slice of meat was duly laid aside by the carver, and at the Christmas dinner the "White Sergeant" sat at the table. His collar was a sergeant's amulet, of which he was very proud. At the Victoria Cross presentation in Hyde Park, in 1857, among the most admired of the twenty-five hundred police present was Charlie. He got no cross, but the Queen gave him a smile as she passed him, sitting stiff and erect as a soldier at the head of his division. He was a great terror to thieves, who feared and disliked him. One night when a constable was taking a prisoner to the station he was attacked by a man who endeavored to rescue the captive. Suddenly Charlie appeared on the scene, and seized the would-be rescuer, but the man escaped, followed by the dog. A constable some distance off seeing a man running, pursued by the well-known police dog, arrested him and carried him to the station, his excuse for detaining the man being that it was "a suspicious circumstance to see any man pursued by the 'White Sergeant.'" Whenever the cry of "fire!" was shouted in the station-yard Charlie barked his loudest, and, if the time happened to be night, ran through the station bedrooms, rousing the detail whose duty it was to attend fires, by his barking; and when the detachment moved off to the scene of conflagration would run in front of it, clearing the way by his barking.

MARCH.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Gone is the winter but where is the spring?
The roses are pale in their sleep;
And the violet's eyelids, just shuddering,
Are only unclosed to weep.

The skies are sad-browed, but no tears they shed;
And the snows with frolicsome feet
Stir not on the plain; we but hear instead
The tramp of the sullen sleet.

Neither shrouded winter nor debonair spring—
A tearless, transitional state—
There is ever in life this sad murmuring:
Too early and ah—too late!

Oh bring back the snows that sheet the pale dead,
Or hasten the sweet April rain—
Bury deep all Love's roses once fragrant and red,
Or bid my soul blossom again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 9, 1867.

THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-ninth Congress has been as fiercely denounced as any legislative body in history. From the President of the United States down to the smallest Copperhead cur, its enemies have constantly snarled or growled or snapped, while its friends have been often impatient and complaining, forgetting how necessarily and wisely slow the action of such a body at such a time ought to be.

The first thing that strikes the observer of this Congress is that it had no proper leader, while it had many noted and able men. There was no conspicuous figure like Henry Clay or Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, by his age, his long fidelity to the principles of the dominant party, his uncompromising spirit, his distinct purpose, and a certain personal force, was the most prominent member of the House. But Mr. Stevens seldom carried his points. A true leader must command the general confidence of his followers, but this Mr. Stevens never did. There was no doubt of his sincerity, as there was none of his purpose; but there was a doubt of his general good sense and of the sagacity of his judgment. His tongue was remorseless; his sarcasm stung like hail; but he is no leader who exasperates instead of conciliating a faltering follower. The general direction of Mr. Stevens was that of the House and of the country, and upon the great questions all moved together—not always, however, without a protest from him. Hearty, genial, of an undaunted spirit, and of the sharpest speech, Mr. Stevens will be always one of the memorable figures of this Congress, and always honored for his sturdy loyalty to the great cause. Nothing is more comical than the portraits drawn of him by rebel letter-writers, who saw in him the Robespierre of the time. Mr. Stevens is as like Robespierre as the city of Washington to-day is like old Paris. He is just as much a Robespierre as the present situation of the country is a reign of terror.

Turning from its men to its acts, the great monuments of the Thirty-ninth Congress are seen to be the Civil Rights bill, the pending Constitutional Amendment, the District Suffrage bill, and the Reconstruction bill. They are the most important acts of legislation in our history, with the sole exception of the Emancipation Amendment; for they provide for the equal rights of all citizens of the United States, complete the work of emancipation, and secure the results of the war. These laws were the fruit of careful investigation and wise deliberation. Their inspiration was the wish and conviction of the people, which, as we understand it, no Congress ever more truly represented than this. They are not imperiled by transcending in the least the popular sentiment. The plain danger of a Congress at a time like the last two years is emotional legislation. It is in peril of enacting hasty, crude laws, which return to plague their supporters. But this misfortune has been avoided. The very conditions of the situation, which seemed so threatening, have been propitious. The certainty of a veto upon every wise and humane measure of reconstruction has forced Congress to be wary and to frame only such laws as should be sure of the two-thirds vote. It has marched, therefore, even-paced with the people, and they have approved what the President vetoed.

Lastly, the Thirty-ninth Congress will be always memorable for its contest with the President. In all Parliamentary governments at some time this contest has developed itself and the Executive has been conquered. But while in other countries the contest has been often fearful, in ours it has been simply ludicrous. The President, supported by the Secretary of State, undertook to absorb the most essential function of the supreme power of Congress, and to sustain and vindicate their extraordinary action—which was sheer usurpation—by destroying the great party which had victoriously finished the war, and forming a new one composed of the late rebels, their Northern allies, and the camp followers of the loyal host. Doubtless it was the Executive intention, if a clear majority of a Congress had not been elected by the Union party, to recognize a body composed of rebels and Northern Copperheads as the Congress of the United States; and doubtless, also, many weak persons supported the Philadelphia movement in the hope of avoiding trouble by yielding to the maker of trouble. For a moment, and for a moment only, the plot seemed threatening; then it utterly miscarried, amidst the mingled indignation and contempt of the loyal people which it proposed to betray. The political ruin of the chief conspirators was more sudden and total than has ever been known. Congress was triumphantly sustained. When it assembled it appeared that, while the Democratic party tactically supported the Executive against the Union party, they cared for him as little; and the President, who was elected by a vast and hearty majority, and who had one of the few great opportunities in history, has no Congressional supporters whatever but a few political hermaphrodites whose names will scarcely survive the session.

The virtual re-election of Congress was the sentence of the President. He has not yielded indeed, for a mind which could be blind to so great an opportunity would not be likely to see a smaller one. But his persistence has been of true service to the country, not only in the way we have already mentioned, but by compelling the people to understand more exactly the precise structure of the Government and the relation of its parts. The victory of Congress culminates in the perception which is now universal that the supreme power of every Government must be lodged somewhere, and that our Constitution gives it to Congress.

We trust that the Fortieth Congress will be worthy of its predecessor.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The Reconstruction bill was fully discussed in Congress, and probably no bill was ever more thoroughly understood by the country. Nothing is more absurd than to assume to speak for the people; but there can be little doubt in the mind of any one who watches closely, that the earnest and profound conviction which finally dominates public opinion is, upon the whole, satisfied with the bill as it finally passed.

Every student of politics and public affairs will have his theory of reconstruction. For ourselves, we still think that universal suffrage should be secured by the Constitution of the United States; and there are points in the Louisiana bill which in our judgment are unwisely omitted in the Reconstruction bill as adopted. But in such a crisis, and upon such measures, entire satisfaction with every detail is not to be expected. The bill is, upon the whole, so radical and excellent that the country will approve it as heartily as it approved the Civil Rights bill. It was passed, however, at so late a moment of the session that filibustering over the vote upon the veto may prevent its becoming a law. In that case, we hope that the Fortieth Congress will immediately repeat the action of this, that the bill may be a law before the month ends.

It will then be the duty of the President to execute it as effectively as if he had approved it. It may be presumed, of course, that he will do what he technically can to defeat its purpose. Those only will think differently of his probable action who believe that he has executed the Civil Rights bill cordially and efficiently. The bill requires the President to appoint certain military Governors from a grade not lower than a Brigadier-General. If he appoints a man like General Fullerton or General Stedman we may know what to expect; and if his action reveals a purpose virtually to defeat the intention of the people in Congress there would undoubtedly be a very general desire of his impeachment.

Our objection to the impeachment as hitherto proposed has been founded upon the shadowy nature of the charges which would render the issue of a trial very uncertain. To impeach and acquit the President would be surely to convict his accusers of a most dangerous partisanship. But to impeach the President upon the ground evident to the whole country that he was deliberately thwarting the loyal national will in reorganizing the Union would be very different. There would be very grave and natural doubt whether a merely technical plea should avail. If, however, the Governorships should be given to Thomas, Sheridan, and others, whom the whole people trust, the President would show a sincere desire of fair play which would be of the best promise.

So far as the civil reorganization of the rebel States is concerned the Senate bill of reconstruction is merely tentative. It leaves the initiation of civil order unsettled, and in this it seems to us inferior to the Louisiana bill. The question is inevitably suggested by the present bill, who shall begin the effort for a civil government? May any person who is not a felon nor excluded by the amendment call a convention to frame a constitution? And if "the people of any one of the said rebel States" may proceed to political action, how many of them may do so? The Louisiana bill provided for a registry; and although the military Governor under the new bill may be hereafter authorized to take the initiative, the Louisiana bill appointed elections and made it the duty of the Secretary of War to register the voters.

The Senate bill, however, is undoubtedly in harmony with the general wish to leave as much local action as may be wisely left to the rebel States. If it is found that no action is taken, and that inaction is undesirable, a further step will be taken by Congress. The whole movement of Reconstruction necessarily proceeds slowly but surely. The people have clearly no intention of going backward. They began very moderately with the Constitutional Amendment. Its rejection has by no means dismayed them. They do not recede but advance. The new bill secures directly what the Amendment was intended to reach indirectly, general suffrage and personal protection. If this fails to start the wheels of State reorganization the people in Congress will advance to the next step for which the Louisiana bill provides, the initiative of State government by national authority although not wholly under the terms of that bill. Under the present bill the attitude of those who are accustomed to control public opinion and action in the rebel States will probably be sullen and defiant. They will encourage passivity. It will then be for Congress to decide whether a government established by the few who may vote shall be regarded as the government of the State, or whether the State shall be held directly by the military hand until a due proportion of the people shall consent to vote.

Of course this is not a pleasant alternative. But the situation offers only a choice of evils. We must either tolerate the present condition of the South, or we must secure the protection and justice which are now denied. The first alternative is simply impossible. Honor and humanity forbid. We must then accept the other. All but a few persons in the States concerned may for various reasons refuse to vote. We can not make them vote, and we certainly shall not be coerced or cajoled by their not voting into the stupidity of surrendering to their will. Time is the great physician. We can wait if the Southern citizens can. But we beg them not to cherish the fatal delusion that they can tire us out. The loyal people know distinctly what they fought for, and they will secure their victory if they have to wait for a generation.

THE FREEDMEN.

There are complaints from Florida that the colored laborers upon the cotton plantations ask very high wages, sometimes refuse to work, and are generally troublesome; and we observe that every instance of disorder upon their part is carefully published by the Copperhead papers. Meanwhile the Richmond *Enquirer* says that nothing could be so unchristian and cruel as to give the negro a fair chance with the white man. "The negroes," it remarks, "were not fitted to contend in such rivalry, and it is cruel to force them upon it." The alternative, of course, is plain. The white man, who has shown himself so truly friendly to the colored man hitherto, ought to continue to be his guardian. Now one thing is demonstrated. If the colored man in Virginia is unfit to take care of himself the white man has shown himself utterly unfit to take care of him. And inasmuch as the colored man has never had a chance to take care of himself, while the white man has had every chance to take care of him and has ignominiously failed, is it not wise to try the alternative, which at least has not failed? As for "the prejudices of race" of which the *Enquirer* speaks, they have not prevented an immense increase of the mulatto population; and we may hope, therefore, that they will continue to tolerate the existence and equal chance of the colored race, which is all that is claimed.

It was certainly not to be expected that a race which had been under that particular and patriarchal system of guardianship known as chattel slavery could be released and show no consequences of its servitude. The great argument against slavery is, that it destroys the self-respect of the slave and imbrutes the master. A man whose self-respect is lost has lost his manhood. He has become crafty, suspicious, servile, dishonest, and insincere. And although one of the remarkable characteristics of the African race is the resistance which it has offered to the essential demoralization of slavery, yet it must for a long time show the tragical signs of its servitude. There can, however, be little doubt that the colored race suffers less from the natural consequences of being enslaved than the white race in the Southern States suffers from the consequences of enslaving.

If the freedman is lazy and unthrifty, he may surely plead that he has learned from his old master's example that liberty and laziness are identical. If he asks exorbitant wages, he may fairly argue that he has large arrears to make up. If he is insolent and presuming, he may remember how he has been treated; and so on to the end. All that we ask is, that amidst the delay and confusion in the settlement of labor and society in the rebel States we shall be reasonable, and not expect what is impossible. Emancipation will work miracles; but it must have time and sympathy. Every man who hires a plantation and freedmen should calculate upon his laborers as the slaves of yesterday, while he treats them as the citizens of to-day. They come to him with all the shiftless habits of slavery unlearned. They come often as ignorant as the poor whites. They come broken in spirit, and with the long, long habit of servility. They will not tell the truth. They will conceal and evade. They will have all the faults that we all have in our labor, but often more in number and more exasperating.

Our duty has not ended with emancipation. The discipline of events will be sharp enough for the freedmen. They have great suffering to undergo. But let us be patient and thoughtful, gratifying their desire of education, which is so touching and universal, and trying in good faith to give them the fair chance of which they have been defrauded. They can not be exported from the States in which they live. They will not willingly emigrate. They can never again be enslaved. Instead then of assuming, with the Richmond *Enquirer*, that they can not live peaceably upon equal terms with the rest of the population, would it not be wiser for that paper to reflect that this theory may be as unsound as some others which it has as confidently advanced within the last five years?

OUR INDIAN POLICY.

That our whole Indian policy must be reviewed and improved there is no longer any doubt. The Secretary of War informs the Military Committee that the Indian traders are freely selling muskets and ammunition to the Indians, who, by the exorbitant prices they pay, are manifestly preparing for hostilities. Lieutenant-General Sherman has forbidden any further transactions of the kind, and General Grant has approved his prohibition, saying that if we are to go on arming the Indians we must either withdraw our troops, and Congress must authorize a general Indian war, or the whites upon the great Plains must be exterminated.

The frontier whites are doubtless responsible for much of this trouble. The mutual hostility of the whites and the Indians is most bitter. The horrible massacre by the Indians of the garrison of Fort Kearney shows how relentless the enmity is, and it is difficult to see what remedy there is but the presence of a large and imposing military force upon the Plains and the sternest punishment for such offenses. The difficulty is constantly increased by the jealousies among the Indians in regard to the money which it is the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to spend for their benefit. General Grant is of opinion that the exigency demands the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and the abolition of the system of Indian agents and licensed traders.

It is evident that the present Indian management is inefficient. As the Pacific Railroad is pushed across the Plains, and the question of rapid intercourse with the western shore of the continent rises into importance, the question of its security is not less vital. The country which the Indians occupy is not arable. Their reliance is the chase; and when the buffalo is scarce they must depend upon the plunder of emigrant trains. The whole subject has been postponed and laid aside. But we trust that the reports of the Secretary of War to the Military Committee, with the testimony of

Generals Grant and Sherman, will lead to a comprehensive and careful consideration of the matter.

It should be constantly remembered, however, that the whites are equally guilty with the Indians; and the new system should comprehend the strictest supervision of the whites with the utmost possible protection of the Indians. Any policy which encourages the whites to regard the Indians as mere vermin to be shot at sight, which is substantially the present policy, will only teach the Indians to retaliate. We have no sentimental theory of the Indians, but a system of simple extermination will cost us as dearly as it costs them. The frontiers must be made secure; but if the savages could feel that we were not necessarily their enemies we should have taught them what our treaties have hitherto failed to teach.

DANGERS OF INFLATION.

In the Irish rebellion the insurgents, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against a great banker, proceeded to take revenge upon him by destroying his notes. They forgot that, in so doing, they were only destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. Had they imitated the policy of those in our day who favor inflation, and devised means to increase his liabilities, they would have better accomplished their purpose to injure.

A great many people seem to forget that our paper dollars are but so many evidences of debt, and that each additional issue of paper-money only increases the burden which the country has to bear; that it is quite possible to increase the volume of indebtedness beyond the ability of this or any future generation to pay, and that when such event occurs a financial collapse must follow. The frog in the fable suffered the natural consequences of excessive inflation. He attempted to rival the bull, and burst! The only parties that can be benefited by an excessively redundant paper currency are speculators, and overtraders who are heavily laden with stocks purchased at very high prices. Inflation would afford them temporary relief by enabling them to sell off without loss; but thus secured, would they not immediately buy new stocks? And after that would come another pinch. Meanwhile the humbler and poorer mass of the people will have suffered by the enhanced cost of all necessaries.

It is a narrow policy that defers the evil day instead of meeting it boldly now, when it can be done with less distress than by-and-by. It is the advocates of such a policy who argue that contraction of the currency is the cause of the present depression in business. No doubt the time for contraction would have been more wisely chosen if it had been deferred to the summer months, when business is always dull; but if we are not to have an eternal reign of inflated and depreciated paper—if we must bear the inconvenience of resumption sooner or later, it is better to bear present embarrassment and carry out what is already begun. The country regards with satisfaction the very considerable reduction of the national debt that has already been made since the war closed. It does not wish to go back to the original starting-point by incurring fresh liabilities. All it requires is a plan of contraction that is safe and not too rapid. Let Congress look to this. Let it turn a deaf ear to those who would blow the bubble of inflation until it bursts. More than this, let it remove the present uncertainty that embarrasses trade by settling the vexed questions respecting the status of the South, and an easy road will be at once opened to a glorious and prosperous future.

It is the evidence of ability to pay debts which gives confidence to creditors. When we accumulated an indebtedness of nearly three thousand millions in four years' time the world predicted repudiation and ruin. It has since confessed itself astounded at our manifest recuperative power, and now buys our bonds as the most desirable and safe investment known. With each report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing a large reduction in our indebtedness, confidence is strengthened, both here and abroad. As gold gradually declines here our national securities appreciate in Europe in like ratio. They are very little affected by slight fluctuations in our market. But suppose that any thing should occur to create a violent perturbation of our finances? Suppose that, in consequence of a sudden inflation of the currency to the extent of some hundreds of millions, whereby gold would advance 20 per cent. or more at a jump, confidence abroad should be so shaken that holders of our bonds would send over a hundred millions for redemption, what would be the result? The Treasury would be drained of its specie, consternation would follow, and the whole country be plunged into the greatest financial distress. The credit of the Government would be destroyed.

What is wanted now is to maintain the confidence already secured, and a strict adherence to that policy which looks to the eventual making of legal-tender notes at par with gold. When that event occurs, and not until then, will our credit be fully restored. There is no sounder principle of financial science than this, that to raise the standard of a depreciated currency its volume must be diminished.

CRUELTY TO BIPEDS.

Mr. Bergh, the President of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, has submitted a bill to the New York Legislature to prevent the overcrowding of cars and omnibuses. Whether it is his chief intention to relieve the cruelty to the animals inside or outside of those carriages is not stated, but the passage of his humane bill will be of the greatest service to both. Passengers are now packed into cars like fish in barrels. Every body complains, every body suffers, and every fare paid by a passenger who is not accommodated with a seat is virtually a swindle upon the part of the Company.

The apology of these Companies is exquisitely absurd. After spending vast sums of money to secure their charters and cramming their cars they tell us that they can hardly make the two ends meet. That is none of the public's business. The Companies offer a certain thing at a certain price. If they can not live at the price, let them raise it; but they have no right to save the money by withholding the thing. Yet if they should raise the price, they would find so many quite ready to continue the business upon the same terms that the present Companies would probably reconsider. But as there is plainly no remedy in the Companies, and as the offense increases yearly, we hope sincerely that the Legislature will relieve us. When the reform is once begun, when New York has shown that it is possible to regulate travel by street cars and to secure comparative decency and comfort, other States will follow. The Legislatures must stand between the people and these vast monopolies or we shall be oppressed without remedy.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

We were speaking last week of the repeal of the Judiciary law under Jefferson, and a friend has sent us a copy of *The Carolina Journal; or, the Camden Advertiser*, of April 20, 1802, which contains in a communication from the city of Washington an allusion to that act which we commend to the meditation of the *Charleston Courier*, which says of the Reconstruction bill: "The rights of self-government indeed hang trembling in the balance. The issue has been made. The struggle has commenced."

The *Carolina Journal* said sixty-five years ago: "The die is cast! And that Constitution which Washington framed and nurtured, and the people adopted, has become a dead letter—no better than a last year's almanac. The bill to repeal the Judiciary law has passed the House by the usual majority. Sic transit gloria Americani!"

Let the *Charleston Courier* take heart! The Constitution has survived the repeal of the Judiciary act and various other misfortunes, and is even better than new.

HEALTH OF CLERGYMEN.

Clergymen of the olden time were a very healthy class of people; but for the past fifty years or more a change has been going on, and at the present time uniform good health is somewhat of a rarity, especially among the younger members of the profession. Many break down entirely; others every now and then intermit their labors in order to take measures for recruiting their health; and others still labor along year after year borne down by a weight of physical burdens that threaten every moment to crush them. Comparatively few present continuously the hale, hearty look which so characterized the clergy who were on the stage in the first part of this century.

What are the causes of this difference? They are to be found in the change of circumstances and habits in this class of the community. Let us enter a little into particulars. The clergyman of the olden time led a more quiet and even life than the clergyman of the present day. Now there is a general press and excitement. The world moves faster than it did. Every thing is astir, and thinking men, especially those who have such responsibilities resting on them as clergymen have, are roused by the general movements of society to a higher grade of action. Opportunities for doing good are multiplied. Circumstances make great demands upon them, and the people earnestly enforce these demands. If a clergyman of the last century could rise from the dead to enter again upon his labors, and if he should pursue the same course that he did when he was upon the scene before, he would not satisfy the demands of even a small country parish.

Not only are clergymen called to higher and more abundant intellectual effort than formerly, but this effort is made under a greater burden of anxiety. And here we come to a very important point, and yet one which is little thought of. The mind is capable of doing a great amount of work without harm to the physical condition, provided it labors under agreeable circumstances. But let it work with the burden of perplexity and anxiety dragging upon it, and the weariness and depression produced will inevitably inflict injury upon the physical system, and result in ill-health. It is just in this particular that the clergyman of fifty years since had a great advantage as compared with the present time. He was supposed to be settled for life. The union of a pastor with his people was considered as sacred as the union of marriage. He had therefore none of the anxiety which precariousness of situation is so apt to occasion even in those who possess, in addition to a firm faith, a calm philosophy and quiet nerves. He had no great temptations to fret himself about pleasing certain individuals in his parish, whom perhaps it was very hard to please. He was not every now and then kept tossing upon his pillow at night from some indications that he had seen of the existence of a dissatisfied minority. These minorities, that in these days so often for long years mercilessly plant thorns in the pillow of a minister, materially abridge his usefulness, impair his health, and at length perhaps procure his dismission, either partially or wholly broken down, were not known in the olden times. But the frequency of their existence now lay as burden of anxiety on the great majority of clergymen, lest one should rise up among the people of their charge. To say nothing of the harm done in destroying the harmony of churches, and in diverting their energies from their proper work of saving their fellow-men to the profitless business of maintaining a quarrel, the injury that is inflicted by a meddlesome minority upon the clergyman, both mentally and physically, is unwarrantable and cruel.

There is another source of anxiety to the modern clergyman. His means of subsistence are not only precarious, but they are scanty. This is the general rule, though, it is true, there are some very marked exceptions. The clergyman of the olden time was a good liver, and he found it no hardship to obey the scripture in being given to hospitality. True, his salary was small, but really much larger than salaries now are, compared with the prices of other things, for the salaries of clergymen have not grown *pari passu* with the expenses of living. Besides, with all the noise made now about donation visits and sunny-side items, clergymen were treated more liberally by their parishioners then than they are now. The annual filling of the minister's wood-yard, with the cheerful entertainment afterward, is a type of the multiform generosity of his people, and his hearty recognition of it.

Sometimes the insufficiency of salary brings a load of debt, and the anxiety about this wears sadly upon both mind and body, unless, perchance, the clergyman belongs to that wonderfully easy-minded class of persons who seem never to be in the least troubled with the idea of debt, even though the disagreeable reminders of it may often press upon them.

In many cases also, especially where there are strong scruples in regard to going beyond the income, there is added to the anxiety the depressing influence of poor and comfortless living. There is many a poorly-warmed and poorly-fed clergyman who, in other avocations, might have attained much more than a competence, and yet he is expected, under all the depressing circumstances of his condition, to maintain a bright cheerfulness in his abundant labors. Nay, more, very often the ailments which such circumstances may produce are spoken of by parishioners with little charity, and perhaps the opprobrious name of hypochondriac may be freely applied to him by those who, as a matter of justice, not of liberality, should have so adjusted his circumstances as to have saved him from his ill health.

The subject will be resumed in another article.

LITERARY.

The Harpers have just issued a handsome volume containing Speeches and Addresses by Henry Winter Davis. Mr. Davis had made a chivalric impression upon the public imagination, and as a conspicuous Radical leader in a Border State during the war his words were very significant. A man of scholarly accomplishment, his political ambition was great, and his career, had he lived, would unquestionably have been distinguished. It was unfortunate that he was partly at variance with the Administration during the war, because hearty co-operation among all loyal men was indispensable; and Mr. Davis's protest with Mr. Wade against Mr. Lincoln, when the political campaign of 1864 was opening, seemed at the time to be a misfortune for the country. The present volume contains a full and accurate collection of his various orations and addresses, all showing his ability, and no less interesting to the student of our stormy time than precious to the many in all parts of the country who looked upon Henry Winter Davis as one of the most gallant of all the political leaders in the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Our last record of Congressional proceedings closed while action on the important bill of Senator Sherman placing the South under military rule was pending in the House. After some delay, in which amendments were urged by the House and declined by the Senate, the bill came to a final vote in the House on February 20, and was adopted by a vote of 125 yeas to 45 nays. The bill as passed was handed to the President on February 21—only eight days previous to the hour for the legal expiration of the Congress which adopted it, thus giving him an opportunity for "pocketing it;" but it was not thought at the time that he would do so, but promptly veto it. The votes in both Houses indicated a power and disposition to override any veto. The bill as passed re-enacted the original or Stevens bill so far as it declared that no legal Governments exist in the rebel States, divided them into military districts, and prohibited State authority from interfering with military orders, but it differed in declaring it the duty of the *President*, and not General Grant, to appoint military commanders. It also agreed with the Louisiana Reconstruction bill in its provisions for the restoration of the Southern States to the Union.

The Indian Appropriation bill passed the House on February 19, and the Senate on February 23.

The Army Appropriation bill was passed in the House on February 20. It enacts, as its most important feature, that the General of the Army shall have his head-quarters in Washington, and that all military orders and instructions shall be issued through him, or, in case of his inability, by the next in rank.

The bill of Mr. Hooper providing for the redemption of compound-interest notes by the issuance of $100,000,000 legal-tender notes, without interest, was passed by the House on February 22.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Mayor and citizens of Rome, Georgia, lately displayed the rebel flag at a public parade, and a number of them were arrested in consequence. The Mayor appealed to General Thomas to release the prisoners, urging that no "disrespect to the United States Government was intended by the exhibition, and claiming that the persons who displayed the rebel flag had accepted in good faith the present status, and acknowledged the jurisdiction of the United States Government," etc. General Thomas's reply is positive and sensible, and has met with the approval of all loyal citizens. He very emphatically informs the rebels that the display of their old flag is an offense to be punished; that the late war was not a revolution but a rebellion, and that treason is a crime that must not be paraded as a virtue. He adds that "every where in the States lately in rebellion treason is respectable and loyalty odious," and clearly intimates that, so far as lies in his power, he intends to reverse this order of things.

Generals Custer and Gordon Granger, nominated by the President to be colonels of the regular army, have failed of confirmation by the Senate.

The Mississippi steamer *David White*, plying between New Orleans and Louisville, was blown up near Columbia, Arkansas, on February 17, and thirty-eight persons are known to have been killed and nineteen wounded, and sixty-five passengers whose names are unknown are reported missing.

Among the latest rebel outrages in Kentucky is the ordering of the Union General Speed S. Fry, and Captains Goodlow and Harlan from the State. They were threatened with death if they did not leave, and they had to obey. General Thomas has been applied to and will grant protection. Governor Bramlette has been compelled—so great is the terrorism established by the returned rebels in Kentucky—to apply to the Legislature for authority to arrest the "regulators," and in the course of his message to the Legislature says:

"A band of lawless men, claiming to number over one hundred, thoroughly organized, and assuming to take the regulation of society and government into their own hands, operating in Marion, Boyle, and adjoining counties, under the orders of 'Judge Lynch,' have become so emboldened by impunity that they publish their orders of banishment and of condemnation in the public journals. Disobedience of their lawless mandates is followed with speedy vengeance. Jails are forced by them, and their victims ruthlessly torn from legal custody and murdered. Those standing on bail who are obnoxious to their murderous wrath are dragged from their homes and executed. They condemn without a hearing, and execute without a trial. The cold-blooded atrocity of their cruelties and murders must shock every manly bosom, and arouse the indignation of all just men. Within the last few days, during the session of the Boyle Circuit Court, these murderers took from the jail of that county a man, there confined to answer an indictment, and hung him to death, within the limits of the town. Since then another has been hung in the neighborhood, who was standing up on bail. Good citizens, who denounce their lawless proceedings, are being warned by them to leave the country, under penalty of their wrath. In Marion County many outrages have been perpetrated by them; recently they burned the dwelling-house of an aged and exemplary citizen because his son had resisted their authority, and made a successful defense against the party sent to arrest him. A gallant soldier was notified in one of their published orders to leave the country—his offense having been an expressed determination to stand by and defend a younger brother against the mob that had ordered him to leave under penalty of death."

The same spirit here indicated controlled the Democratic State Convention which met at Frankfort, Kentucky, on February 22, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The rebel General William Preston was put in nomination, but was beaten by Ex-Governor John L. Helm—"a stay-at-home rebel." On his defeat Preston, who is still unpardoned, made some bitter remarks, in which he said that Kentucky had been singled out for persecution and oppression for the last six years; that she must look to herself for protection. He deplored her lost rights and the "lost cause." His remarks were constantly applauded with genuine rebel yells. Much dissatisfaction was exhibited by the returned rebels at the result of the Convention. On the night after the holding of the Convention the streets resounded with shouts for John Breckinridge, late of the rebel army.

The Nebraska Legislature on February 20 ratified the conditions imposed by Congress, preparatory to the admission of the Territory into the Union. The number of States is thus swelled to thirty-seven.

The soundings for the cable between Cuba and Florida had been made, and it is declared that the cable will be laid by next November. A submarine mountain was discovered while making the soundings.

The first election in the District of Columbia under the negro suffrage law passed off quietly in Georgetown on February 25; and resulted in the triumph of the negro suffrage ticket.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has proclaimed his intention to call out the militia to protect the Union men of the State.

The bay of Samana, St. Domingo, has been purchased by the United States as a coaling station, and the treaty has been forwarded to this country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

John Bright is opposed to the Reform measures prepared by Lord Derby.

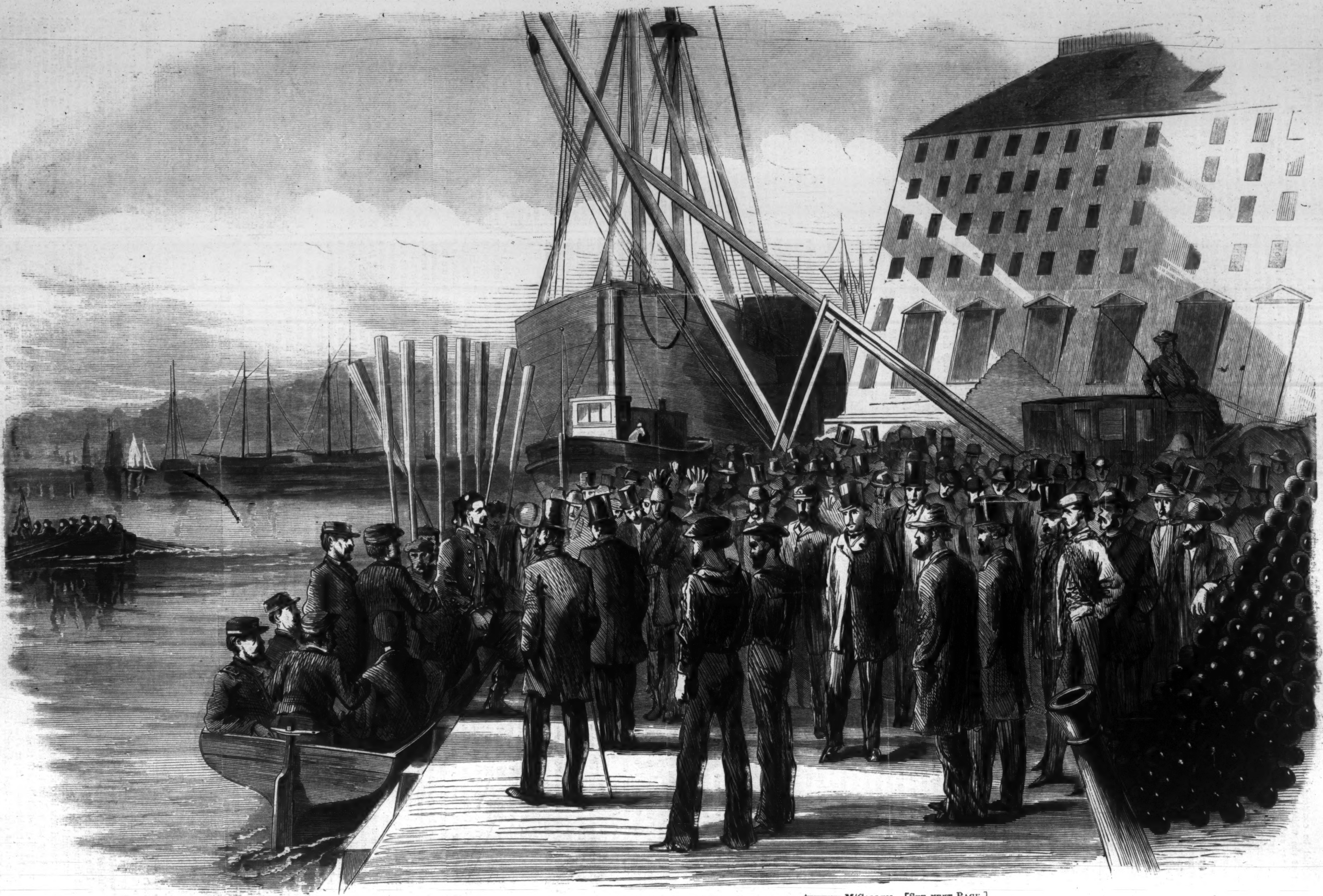
The Habeas Corpus Act has been further suspended in Ireland on account of the late "Fenian scare."

The Sultan of Turkey has officially informed the leading Powers of Europe that he has decided to call together an assembly of the representatives of all the different religious creeds in the Ottoman Empire for the purpose of deliberating upon and adopting measures for the more effectual execution of the provisions of the firman of 1856.

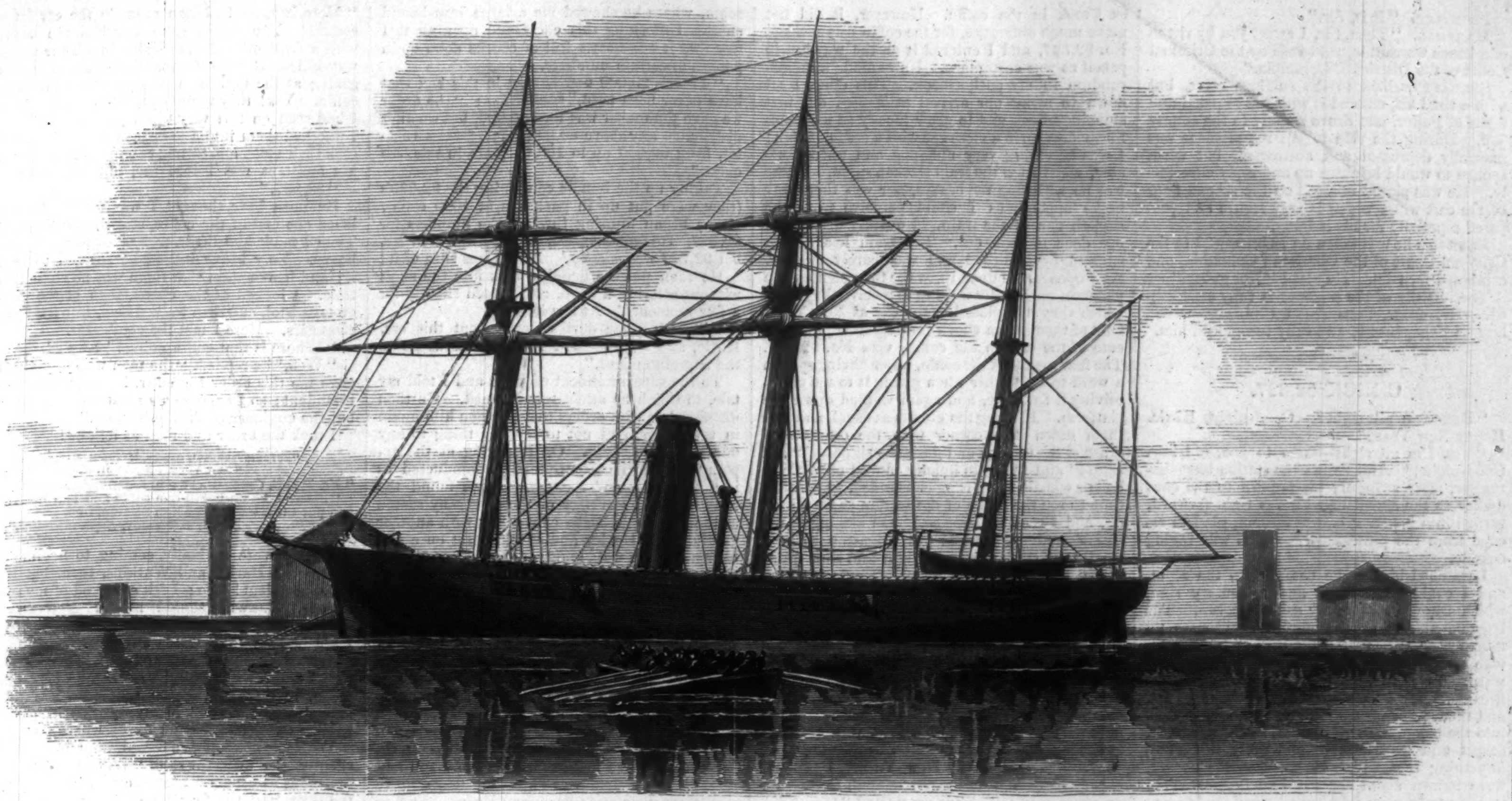
The first session of the new Parliament of reconstructed Prussia was begun in Berlin on February 23. The King in his speech recommended the Parliament to form a new constitutional union, *which would be defensive in its character*, and give unity, liberty, and power to the Fatherland; and declared that all hopes for the future welfare of the nation now rested on the accomplished fact of a united Germany.

The war in Paraguay has been renewed. Fort Curupaity was bombarded on January 19, but little damage was done.

Maximilian declared martial law in the city of Mexico on its final evacuation by the French on February 6. The attack of Miramon on Zacatecas, his subsequent defeat by Escobedo, and the narrow escape of Juarez, are all confirmed in detail. Tabera, with eight hundred Imperialists, was attacked on the 7th February, while on his way to reinforce the capital, and was compelled to retrace his steps after losing over five hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing. A severe battle was reported to have been fought at San Luis Potosi, in which the Liberals lost all their artillery; and on the 1st February another battle is said to have taken place between Miramon and Escobedo, in which the former was again severely handled. Marquez had ten thousand men in Mexico city, only four thousand of whom are armed. They are all forced levies. Zamacona pronounced for the republic, and eight hundred men belonging to the garrison at Puebla followed suit with him.



LANDING OF JOHN H. SURRATT AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.—Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.—[See next Page.]



SURRATT LEAVING THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "SWATARA."—[Sketched by A. M'Callum.]

JOHN H. SURRATT.

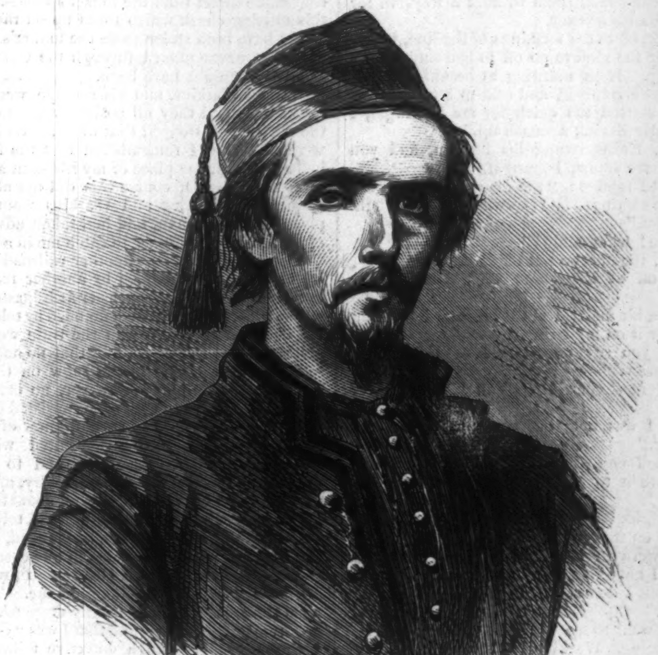
Among the most interesting events of the last month was the arrival at Washington of the United States steamer *Swatara*, having on board John H. Surratt, the alleged accomplice of John Wilkes Booth in the assassination of President Lincoln on April 14, 1865. After a flight to Europe and Africa, occupying nearly two years of time, the wretched criminal has been brought to the scene of the assassination for trial. The trial of the Conspirators at Washington in 1865 developed the fact that Surratt was the principal accomplice and dependence of Booth in carrying out his infamous designs; and a large reward was offered in the hope of securing his arrest. Surratt had, however, fled; he was probably in Canada when the murder was consummated. The first intimation which the Government received of his whereabouts was by a letter, dated September 27, 1865, written to Secretary Seward by A. Wilding, Vice-Consul at Liverpool. Surratt, it seems, remained in Canada four months, having been secreted most of the time by a Roman Catholic priest at Three Rivers. He was disguised, having dyed his hair, eyebrows, and mustache, stained his face, and put on glasses. It appears that Surratt had manifested no signs of penitence, but had told his friends that, if he could live two years longer, he would serve Johnson as he had Lincoln.

He arrived in Liverpool on September 25, 1865. On the passage from Quebec to Liverpool he traveled under the name of M'Carty, and was introduced to several persons as "a Confederate who had compromised himself." To one fellow-passenger he became quite confidential; spoke of having great difficulty in escaping from the United States to Canada; smiled when some connection with the assassination of Lincoln was imputed to him; admitted that he had been in the rebel service, engaged in conveying intelligence between Washington and Richmond, and that he was concerned in a plan for carrying off Lincoln from Washington, which was entirely concocted by Booth and himself, and that he came to Canada just before the assassination; and, finally, he declared his real name to be Surratt. He remained in England several weeks; but our Minister, Mr. Adams, had not sufficient evidence to warrant him in attempting to procure his arrest, and was compelled to be content with keeping a close watch on him. This surveillance was maintained for nearly a year, when it was discovered in April, 1866, that Surratt had enlisted in the Papal Guards at Rome under the name of John Watson. In November last, sufficient evidence as to his identity having been collected, he was arrested, but escaped and sailed for Alexandria, Egypt, where he was finally secured and placed on the *Swatara*. He arrived at Washington on February 19.

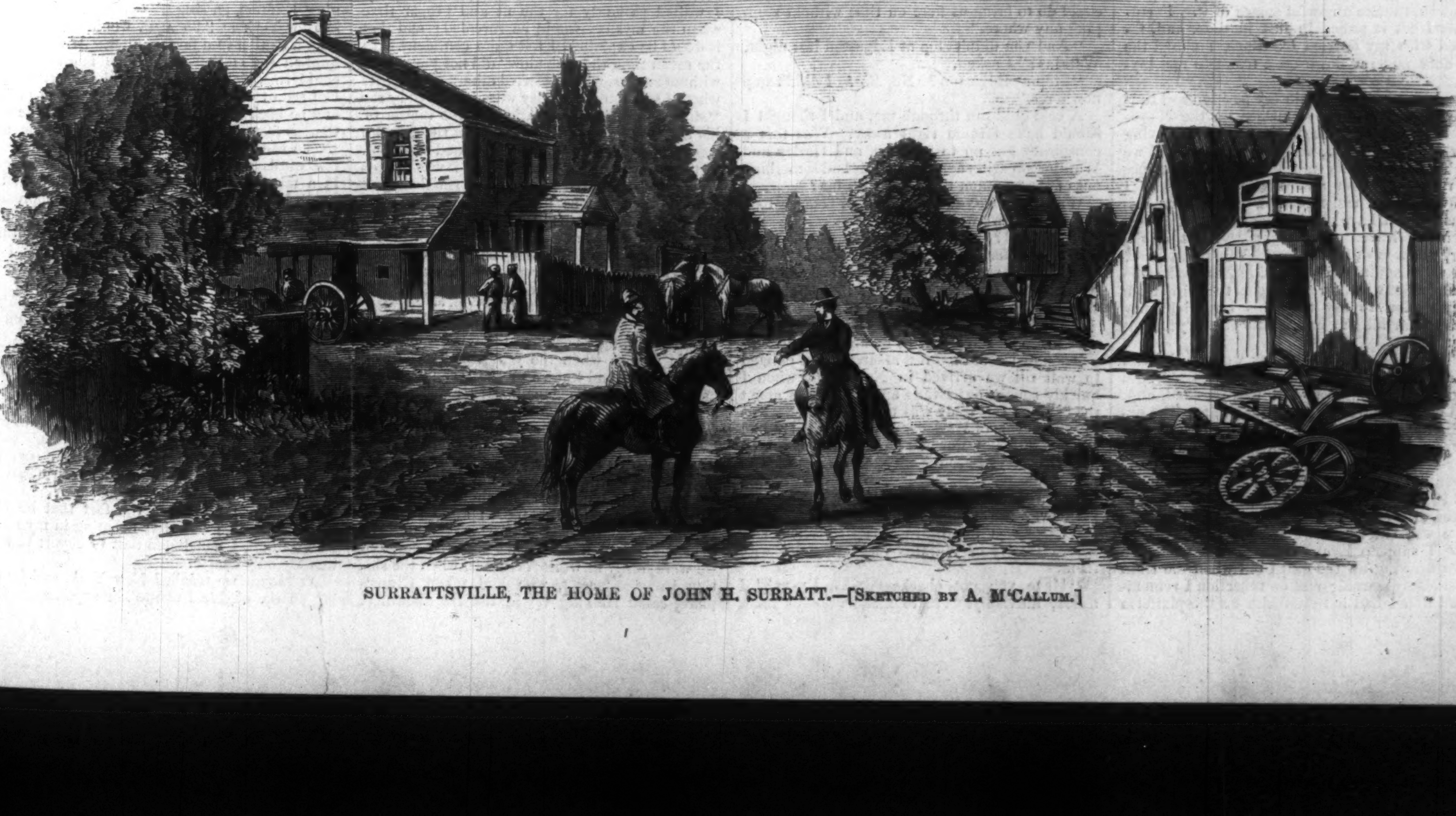
We give on this and the preceding page several engravings illustrating this event, showing the prisoner leaving the *Swatara* and landing at the Navy-yard, together with an accurate portrait of the criminal and a picture of his former home. Surratt was removed from the vessel at about half past five o'clock on the 19th of February. United States Marshal Gooding and his deputy, District-Attorney Carrington, and the Superintendent of Police with a file of policemen, arrived at the Navy-yard in carriages at 4 o'clock, and after a short consultation with Admiral Radford, the Commandant, the *Swatara* was signaled. A boat was lowered and manned, and Captain Balch proceeded to the steamer and Surratt was brought ashore, handcuffed, and transferred to the custody of the Marshal. There were not many persons besides the officials and guards present, only a few reporters and our artist, and a number of Indians of the Sioux delegation now at Washington, having been permitted to witness the scene. Surratt was dressed in Zouave uniform, such as he wore when he was captured in Alexandria, Egypt, and handcuffed. His uniform was of light-gray, trimmed with red scarlet fez, with blue tassel, scarlet sash around his waist, and white leggings.

During the voyage the prisoner had repeatedly denied that he was Surratt; but when he was about to be delivered into the hands of the Marshal, the following colloquy occurred:

Marshal. "Is your name John H. Surratt?"



JOHN H. SURRATT.—[Sketched by A. M'Callum.]



SURRATTSVILLE, THE HOME OF JOHN H. SURRATT.—[Sketched by A. M'Callum.]

Prisoner. "It is, Sir."

Marshal. "Then, Sir, I arrest you by virtue of a bench warrant issued to me by the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia."

Surratt walked to the carriage erect, but with a tired air, entered it with the Marshal and Chief of Police, and drove rapidly to the county jail. During the ride to jail the prisoner was naturally depressed and abstracted, but when spoken to would brighten up and reply cheerfully. He was placed in a cell on the second floor of the east wing, which is very secure and prepared especially for his lodging.

From this he was taken on February 23 to the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, and arraigned for trial. He plead "Not guilty."

The identity of the prisoner is fully established. His sister, Miss Anna Surratt, visited him on February 21, and fully recognized him.

CHECK 92,327.

"Baggage all right? Good-night, Kirtle. Happy New Year!"

"Yes, I'm all right—same to you, old boy. Good-night!" And Evans, the station baggage-master, after swinging his lantern to the conductor as the signal that all was right forward, turned into his snug baggage-room, glad to escape from the pitiless storm which was raging outside.

I watched him as he passed into the room, and I could not repress an involuntary sigh, which arose in spite of my usual stoicism. The baggage-master at the station could pass to-morrow, or at least the best part of it, with his wife and family, while I must be traveling onward, farther and farther away from my own fireside. For a moment I stood watching him, and then, remembering my work, I turned back into the baggage-car. Trunks, satchels, valises, carpet and leather bags, and every thing and any thing that will hold passengers' baggage, were strewn about the car in wild confusion, waiting to be sorted and piled away in different parts of the car according to their respective destinations. Evans and his men had been wondrous smart with the baggage to-night, shying it in more quickly than I was able to sort it, and then hurrying off to their holiday enjoyments. We had got through about five minutes before the time the train started, as had also the express agents in their cars—the latter, in fact, had closed their doors before I got all my baggage in. Between my car and the passengers' cars there were three express-cars, and in front of the passengers' cars might be seen, as is usual, persons still straggling about, wishing good-night to their departing friends and waiting to see them well off. I had been at my work of sorting only a few minutes, when, concluding that no more baggage would be brought down, I turned to close the door of the car. I was alone to-night, my assistant having obtained leave of absence to spend New-Year's with his wife. Glancing down the platform, I saw that I was mistaken about there being no more baggage, for four men were coming out of the baggage-room carrying some heavy piece of goods between them. As I had no convenient place to stow it away, the floor of my car being literally strewn with divers sorts of baggage, I immediately hurried myself to make room for it, throwing trunks and every thing else that came into my way into the further end of the car indiscriminately. By the time I had made room for it the men were at the car door, and had lifted one end of their burden on to the sill of the door. Turning to assist them, I now saw for the first time that they were carrying a coffin, inclosed in one of the plain pine cases which are used to transport coffins in. We frequently carry the dead as well as the living; so I was not much surprised at my new piece of baggage, though I thought it somewhat strange that a coffin should be shipped on the last night of the year by the very last train.

Before the bearers had time to push in the coffin the train started, leaving them apparently standing on the platform, while I had to drag in the coffin. This I had to do very hurriedly, for I knew that if it protruded as we went through the station gates, as it was then doing, the gate post would make an awful smash of it. Fortunately I got it pulled in just in time, and, fatigued with my hurried exertions, I closed the car door and sat down on a trunk to rest myself.

And now I must explain my position as I thus rested. I was baggage-master on the N—— and E—— Railroad Lightning Express, leaving New York at 11 P.M., and not stopping until we reached T——, fifty miles off, which distance we ran in an hour and fifty-five minutes. I always had an assistant with me, but on this occasion, as I have previously explained, he was absent, on leave. The night, the last of the year, was a most fearful one. Wind and snow, and then again sleet, combined to make the worst sort of weather. It does not require much exaggeration to say that this last night was worse than all the bad nights of the year put together.

But I must go on with my work. Half an hour saw my various charges in assorted piles about the car, my way-bill was checked, and, with one exception, it came out right. The exception was the *coffin;* and for it there was no entry on the way-bill, it having been received after the regular time. In such cases as the present, that is with "*hurried baggage,*" as we call it, or baggage received just as the train is leaving, the station baggage-master gives a small extra way-bill which we pin on to our regular bill. I suppose Evans must have been in his room drawing up the extra bill when the train so suddenly started; and on reflection I remembered that I had not seen him on the platform as I took in the coffin. However, it did not make much difference, for the coffin was checked No. 92,327, and I entered it on the way-bill in pencil as was customary. I also made a memorandum in my pocket-book. This done, I sat down to await our arrival at T——, our first stopping-place, and to grow moody in my loneliness shut up in a close car with a coffin. Ugh! I was becoming very unhappy and uncomfortable, when I felt the train slacken speed. There was no whistling for brakes, nor was there any brake applied, as I could perceive from the smooth run of the train. I quickly drew back my door to look out. The train had almost stopped by this time and was barely moving. As I opened the door I saw the four men on the platform apparently waiting to receive the coffin, which they had placed in the car at New York. One of them put a check into my hand, a duplicate of the one on the coffin, viz., No. 92,327. The four men took the coffin, never having spoken a word to me, either when giving it to me or receiving it from me, and again walked down the platform. I strung the checks as usual, and laid them down in a corner with the others as I grasped the lantern and gave the signal of "All right!" and the train quietly moved off without bell or whistle being rung or sounded. I had just time to see the name of the station as we moved off, and I read "*Edgaston.*" On looking at my list of stations, I made out Edgaston to be a small tank station where freight and slow trains pulled up to wood and water. Having written against the memorandum I had made on the way-bill and in my pocket-book, and marked the time, I again sat down to occupy myself with gloomy thoughts. They were interrupted by our arrival at T——, and in the hurry and excitement of transhipping my baggage I thought no more of the circumstance.

"What's this on your way-bill about a coffin delivered at Edgaston, Kirtle?" was the first question asked me by the T—— baggage-master.

"It was shipped at New York," I replied, "but Evans was not smart enough to give me an extra way-bill before we started."

"Well, I can't know any thing about it without a way-bill from Evans; bring one up with you next trip, and keep the 92,327 checks till then. I can't take them without a way-bill for them," was his answer.

We went on to the terminus of the line, where I was only too glad to go off to bed and have a good sleep. Next morning at breakfast I met Harley the conductor, and said to him,

"You started too quick for me last night, I came nearly having a smash up."

"Why, Evans swung his lantern, and you seemed extra smart, I thought."

"Yes," I replied; "the men hurried up, but that coffin coming so late was what nearly brought me to grief."

"Coffin! what coffin?"

"Why, the one we put off at Edgaston."

"Put off at Edgaston; why, Kirtle, you're mad."

"Not a bit mad; I put it off, and I have the checks for it on my string."

"And you say we stopped at Edgaston?" asked Harley.

"Yes! most certainly. You were asleep, of course."

"No! I was not; but *you* must have been dreaming."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Harley," I said, "I'll leave it to Watkins—*he'll* know for certain."

"All right, Kirtle; don't you want to bet your little pile on this go?"

"If I were a betting man I would risk every red cent I have in the world on this 'go,' as you call it; but I don't bet. Come, let's go and see Watkins."

Off we went to see Watkins, the engineer.

"'Morning, Watkins," he said. "Happy New Year."

"Thanks, Mr. Harley, and you too, Mr. Kirtle; what'll you have to wet the New Year with?"

"Nothing now, Watkins; much obliged all the same. What we want to know is, whether you stopped the train any where last night?"

"Lord bless you, no! Mr. Harley. The night was so bad it took all the old Reindeer could do to bring us here on time without stopping any where."

"And you didn't stop at Edgaston last night, Watkins?" I asked.

"Stop at Edgaston? No, *Sir!* I didn't stop nowheres."

A cold chill ran through me, and I thought I should have fainted right away. Was this a conspiracy got up to ruin me, and Harley and Watkins swearing against me? or had something out of the common line been with me?

With an "Are you satisfied now?" Harley took my arm and we walked away.

"Satisfied? No! a thousand times no! Why, look here, Harley, there are the checks I took off the coffin regularly strung, and here's an entry made in my pocket-book of the number of check and where delivered."

"Well, Kirtle, it *is* very strange; but we didn't stop at Edgaston, be assured of that."

Though I could not rest assured I was obliged to wait till we arrived in New York, when I quickly sought out Evans and asked him about the coffin. His reply was to the same effect as the statements of Harley and Watkins. He had shipped no coffin, nor had he given any check on 31st December after the way-bill was handed in to my charge.

I turned to show him the checks, but on running over the bundle I found there were no checks of that number! In an instant I suspected Harley or Watkins had tampered with them.

"Have you got checks 92,327, Evans?" I asked, hurriedly. He took me into his inner room, where he showed me a large iron-bound chest. Unlocking this chest and opening it I saw that it was nearly full of checks done up in parcels of certain numbers.

"There's 20,000 new checks in this box that have never been used," said Evans; "the order we gave the maker was for 100,000, but we ain't distributed any above 80,000 yet; and the whole lot, from 90,000 up to 100,000, are in this 'ere chest."

Taking up the bundle containing the 92,000's (they were put up in packages of 1000 each), Evans began hunting through the numbers for 92,327. He found 92,325, then '26, and then '28, but 92,327 was *missing!* Ah! I was sure of it!

He then put the bundles back into the chest without uttering a word, and mused silently for a few moments. At last he said:

"There's some devil's work about this 'ere, Kirtle, and we must sift it out. Let us go to the superintendent."

To the superintendent we went and I told my tale, to which he attentively listened. He then dismissed us with orders to wait upon him again in two hours, and not to say any thing to any one about the coffin. On returning at the appointed time the superintendent conducted us into the Directors' room, where we found the president and secretary of the Company seated at the long table busily conversing with another gentleman. Harley and Watkins sat on a settee against the wall, and two men, whom I knew to be our railroad detectives, were lounging near them. Mr. B——, the president, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Kirtle will please tell us about this mysterious coffin."

I told my story, showing the entry in my pocket-book, and telling about the disappearance of the checks, but never alluding to my suspicions of Harley and Watkins. Evans was then examined, and stated positively that no coffin went through his hands that night. He then related how he had looked for the checks and had discovered that 92,327 was missing. The strange gentleman then cross-examined Evans.—Did he count them and read the numbers of the checks when he placed them in the box?—No, he had not. They were done up in brown paper, just as they came direct from the maker's hands. Then this missing check which turns up on the coffin might have been stolen from the maker's hands, and have never passed through the Company's at all? It might have been.

Harley, Watkins, and his fireman were then examined; and they all positively testified that the train never stopped that night. While they were testifying I remembered that the fireman had applied for the place of my assistant and had been refused. Of course this did not allay my suspicions. Harley and Watkins wanted my place for the fireman, and had taken advantage of my assistant's absence to catch me in a scrape.

Just at this moment another railroad detective came in, accompanied by another man who proved to be the station-master at Edgaston, and whose presence had been demanded by telegraph. He declared positively that the train went past his station at full speed, and that no marks of footsteps were visible in the snow on the platform next morning. Moreover, no coffin had come to Edgaston, which only consisted of a few houses, and he would be sure to know of it.

The president having consulted with the strange gentleman (whom I found to be the Company's lawyer) and the secretary, after first cautioning us not to speak a word about the matter on peril of losing our situations, told us we might retire. Recalling me, he laughed, and advised me not to go to sleep again and dream such curious dreams. I felt a choking in my throat at the very idea of *his* doubting me. Thenceforth the matter was apparently dropped. Only apparently, for I soon found that I was "dogged." I was suspected, and a detective followed me every where. I felt bad over it naturally enough—felt hurt at being suspected; but confident of my innocence I did not dread scrutiny, and went about my work as usual and did my duty as I had done it before. But I every where met my "shadow," and for months I felt myself under a cloud, with little hope of promotion. Naturally enough I always felt queer when thinking of that New-Year's eve, and its mysterious freight; but I waited patiently for the fit and proper time when the mystery would be revealed; and that it *would* be explained I felt quite confident. In the mean time the "shadow" did not pursue me without results, which affected others—the others whom I suspected. Harley was discovered by my "shadow" in some peculations in the matter of his ticket money, and Watkins and the fireman were found to have occasionally shared with him. In the course of their examination it was discovered that I had carried freight to a small amount for Watkins; but as I had Harley's order for doing so I was returned to duty with a kind approval of the business-like manner in which I kept all my orders. Thus my suspicions of Harley, Watkins, and the fireman were confirmed. If the latter had obtained my place the three might have carried private freight to any extent, and with considerable profit. While these facts were developing Evans had the misfortune to be killed; and so when the year rolled round of all those who had known of the "coffin story," only myself, the baggage-master at Edgaston, and the Directors remained on the road.

The year had passed away, and another New-Year's eve had arrived. I still ran on the same train; but this night my assistant was with me. A feeling for which I could not account made me refuse his request that I should allow him leave of absence for this night; and on leaving my house I put my revolver into my pocket. The baggage had been all pitched into the car, and we were busily at work sorting it, when the station baggage-master, who had taken Evans's place, came running up to the car shouting: "More baggage! Make room in the car for a coffin!" You might have knocked me down with a feather! Mechanically I took the extra way-bill which he thrust into my hand, and stood gazing at the four men who were carrying the coffin. Yes! they were the *same four men* whom I had seen on this very night just a year ago! I watched them into a passenger car where they took their seats, and turned to examine the check. My assistant was before me, and called out:

"92,327."

He must have thought I was mad! First I lifted one end of the coffin, and then the other. Then I made him lift it, and asked him if it was heavy. Very heavy indeed he seemed to find it; and it was plain that there was no sham this time. I looked at the check, then at the caps on my pistol, and then walked back into the first-class cars. Here I met the conductor.

"Where is that coffin going?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "the men who brought it gave me this order from Mr. Nesbit, the superintendent; so I suppose we must do as he says; but the engineer don't like it at all."

I took the order and read as follows:

"Superintendent's Office, N. and E. Railroad Co.
"New York, *December* 31, 185–.

"*Mr. Tesdell, Conductor* 11 P.M. *Lightning Express:*

"Please take on board one coffin and four bearers, and put them off at Edgaston Station, free.

"J. L. Nesbit, *Superintendent.*"

Things were evidently coming to a climax. It was not Harley and Watkins, then, but the superintendent! No; I felt ashamed of my suspicions. But what could it mean? New-Year's eve: another coffin; to be put off at Edgaston! I pinched myself. Was I awake or dreaming? I went back to my car, and told my assistant that I fancied something was wrong about that coffin, and that I should follow it. If they missed me at the end of my return trip he was to report me sick, but not to say where I was.

With my coat off I awaited impatiently and silently—my assistant said, "very gruffly"—our arrival at Edgaston. It soon came. We opened the door, and the four men stood there! One of them handed up a check.

"92,327," called out my assistant. "All right!"

I grasped it nervously and looked at it. Its mate was unstrapped from the coffin, and my assistant was about to string them with the other checks, but I hastily snatched them from him, and put both in my breeches-pocket. "No losing these checks this time," said I to myself. The men received the coffin. As soon as it was out I swung my lantern as the signal to go ahead, shut the door in the faces of the men, opened the one on the opposite side, grabbed my coat, and jumped out. The train was in motion, but I lit in a snow-bank, and did not hurt myself. Crouching down in the snow I watched the men carry their burden down the platform, and then take the road leading to the little village. Had there been no snow on the ground the night would have been very dark; as it was, the wind and the drifting sleet made it almost impossible to see any distance ahead. When the men had almost disappeared in the storm I carefully crept out of my hole in the snow, and, keeping them in view, dogged their footsteps. About a quarter of a mile from the station they turned into a narrow lane, at the end of which was a wretched-looking house, with a barn near it. My men went straight to the barn and entered it. There was no cover to allow of my creeping up to the barn, and I was afraid they might come out at any moment; so, crouching low in the snow, I awaited further developments. Presently they came out of the barn without the coffin, and went into the house, from a window of which there shone a very faint light as soon as they had entered the house. Creeping up, I was able to see what was going on inside, and the first peep satisfied me that some unlawful deed was being enacted, in which the coffin, I felt sure, bore a prominent part. By the light of the tallow-candle, which burned on a rude table at which they sat, I observed that they were occupied in peeling from their faces false mustaches and whiskers, and keeping up a low conversation of which I could not distinguish one word.

My mind was quickly made up. The Lightning Express, passing T—— at 12.30, and due in New York at 2.25 A.M., would pass the Edgaston station in a few minutes. If I could but awaken the station-master and flag the train I could rush down to New York, report what I had seen to the superintendent and the police, and be back before daylight. I ran to the station as fast as I could through the snow, and awoke the station-master, who slept there. A few words sufficed to tell him my errand, and in a minute or so the station lamp showed a red light, a signal of danger to the fast-approaching train. The station-master was the same one who had been examined a year before about my mysterious coffin, and he readily promised to watch the house while I was gone.

The train had now pulled up in front of the station, and the engineer was angrily asking what he had been stopped for. Jumping on to the engine I promised to get an order from the superintendent to show on his book why he had stopped, and I soon made matters all square with him.

I think that hour on the engine was the longest one I ever spent in my life. My brain was filled with a thousand unquiet thoughts. Suppose I should not be able to find the superintendent; and even if I did, and he refused to believe this my second "*coffin story!*" I now half-suspected him from the fact that he had given the order; but after debating in my mind where to go, I concluded that to report to him was my only course.

At length we reached New York, and jumping off the engine I ran to the superintendent's house, which was fortunately near to the dépôt. He was at home and in bed, and angrily asked from his window why he was disturbed. On my saying "Danger on the line," he immediately shut down the window, and in a few minutes admitted me into the house. My story was soon told, and he as quickly stated that he had not given the order to put off the coffin at Edgaston with its four bearers. I was relieved, I *tell* you, when he said that. This time I saw that I was believed, and in five minutes we were in the dépôt. The engine on which I had come in from Edgaston was in the locomotive house, and the fireman busy in drawing off the fire. Mr. Nesbit soon stopped that, and, to the great disgust of the engineer and fireman, gave orders to them to run out on the main track and await his orders. We then went to the nearest police-station, and had an interview with the captain of the precinct. With a sergeant and a posse of his men we were in a quarter of an hour more on the engine, and scudding along to Edgaston as fast as she could carry us.

Within three hours of the time at which I had left I again got off on the Edgaston platform, accompanied by the officers of the law. The station-master was not to be seen, but in a few moments he came from the direction of the lonely house, having heard the engine draw up.

"They have been in the barn over two hours, but they are now gone back into the house," was his greeting.

The sergeant of police now assumed command. The men, with Mr. Nesbit, the station-master, engineer (the fireman being left with the engine), and myself were detailed in different directions to surround the house, and, at a given signal, to rush in at every entrance we could find. It was all over in a minute. A few cracks from revolvers, a good many hard knocks from the officers' clubs, and the result was, three men prisoners and handcuffed. One of the four had been of far superior courage to the others. He had drawn his revolver upon the sergeant, who was the first to break into the room, and had managed to fire twice before an officer, entering at another door, had fired at him. The bullet entered his skull and caused instant death. The others had shown little fight, and were soon overpowered by the clubs of the officers and reduced to submission. The wounds of the sergeant were slight flesh wounds, and he was the only one of our party who was hurt. The prisoners were all willing to turn state's evidence, and vied with each other in giving us information. It appeared that the slain man was the head and chief of the party. He it was who had conceived the whole plan, and had persuaded the others to join him. When an innocent boy, and as a young man, he had lived in the house which we had so unceremoniously stormed, the property having belonged to his father. For many years the old house had been unoccupied, the barn only being used. Our captives told us that murder had been committed, and that the coffin containing the corpse would be found in the barn under the hay, buried in the ground, they having buried it while I was on my way to New York and back. While some of the men went to raise the coffin the superintendent, myself, and the sergeant remained with the prisoners. The dead man had fallen on his face, and we raised his body. On examining his countenance the superintendent recognized the face of one of his own clerks, whom he had discharged several months before. This at once accounted for the forged order addressed to the conductor being written in the form peculiar to the office.

"Did it not also account for the missing checks?" I asked, producing them.

"He might have stolen them from the bundles when first delivered," suggested the superintendent.

On examining the pockets of the dead man several thousand dollars were found, which the prisoners avowed to be the proceeds of the robbery and murder. The corpse in the coffin was recognized as that of a wealthy retail merchant, whom the clerk to the superintendent knew to be in the habit of carrying large sums of money from his store to his house in the holiday season. He had been watched, deliberately felled by a blow from behind, robbed, and then put into the coffin, which was simply an outer shell of pine wood roughly put together. The murder and robbery took place some twenty minutes before eleven, at which hour the Lightning Express left New York. All their plans having been carefully laid beforehand, they had hurried to the station, exhibited to the baggage-master the forged order, which they had just time to hand to the conductor and get the coffin checked and on board. The three associates were to receive their share of the plunder, and then cross the country. The clerk was to walk to the next station and return to New York by an early train. My suspicions—my dream—my hallucination—my insanity—call it what you will—*I* don't care—had defeated their plans. After raising the coffin we all returned on the engine to New York, taking with us both the coffined and the uncoffined corpse. An inquest was held, when the jury brought in a verdict of "Willful Murder" against the three surviving villains. They were subsequently tried and executed. For my share in the transaction I was promoted to the baggage-mastership of the New York station, and my first duty was to examine the checks and arrange them. I found no others missing, and 92,327 were not missing now. However, I ordered a new set made, and I keep checks 92,327 to this day.

But what manner of coffin was it that I put off on the first occasion? The superintendent says I dreamed. He has shown me, too, the testimony of Harley, delivered on the occasion of the original examination, in which it seems the conductor swore—reluctantly, the superintendent says—that he passed through my car during the trip first described here, and found me sitting on a trunk asleep. I have my character to sustain—it is the only capital I have—and I emphatically deny Harley's statement; and, s'help me goodness! I don't believe it yet, and never shall, whatever others may think and believe.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT-ON-THE-WING."

Hub of the Universe.

Dear Weekly:

I have been induced by many of the citizens of this enterprising town, which is designated on the face of the earth by a big granite spike, called a monument, just as we used to mark the location of armies by pins on our war-maps, to start a Grand Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase, in aid of the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters. This institution was established in this city previous to the war, and as that event took the legs off of so many people, the institution now stands on an entirely different footing. I might add, in view of that fact, that it is in a knee-dy condition.

At this Musical Entertainment I propose giving away presents in value to the tune of $2,500,000. There are to be 5,000,000 tickets, issued at the low figure of 10 cents, which, it is expected, will be ample to pay for the tickets and advertising, leaving a handsome profit.

The Asylum was organized prior to the Big Organ, but has had less blowing, and consequently made less noise in the world. It has the recommendation of several Boston names, including Boston Corbett; and I thought, in view of the charitable object, I could get a favorable notice in your excellent paper, "of which I have been a subscriber from the first."—*Old Song.* There are now here so many punsters out of Holmes that the supply of puns is beyond the demand, and constitutes, in mercantile language, a "glut" in the market, and my only hope is that they will be eventually washed away and absorbed in the *Atlantic.*

I herewith inclose you my Prospectus, with an extract from the "List of the Premiums," taken at random from my Illustrated Catalogue, which will be ready in a few days, and which I will send on receipt of stamps. I inclose a few of the recommendations, which I want you to keep to yourself, as also the Prospectus, for the present, until I get my agents appointed throughout the United States and the Canadas.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

ASYLUM FOR AGED AND DECAYED PUNSTERS.

REMEMBER THE FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS

WITS!!

A GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

Embracing a Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase,

With 5,000,000 Presents,

Valued at 2,500,000 Dollars!

2,500,000 *Tickets, at* 10 *Cents Each!!*

☞ EVERY TICKET DRAWS TWO PRIZES. ☜

The proprietors of this grand enterprise, in a desire to allow the Asylum for Decayed Punsters to enlarge its usefulness by putting Wings to it, intend making this the most taking thing in the present decade.

We take pleasure in referring to the following testimonials, from well-known statesmen and others, to this charitable undertaking:

From Horace Greenleaf, *Esq., Editor of the New York Tribulation:*

"The object of your Musical Concert and Pig-Chase meets with my hearty approval. I have often thought of an Asylum of that kind for the writers of the paper in which I am concerned, but my time has been too much occupied to organize it. I look forward to the time when somebody else will take the laboring oar, and I can farm a little, fish a little, and write when I have any thing humorous."

From W. H. Seaweed, *Author of "Answers to Correspondents," etc., Washington, D. C.:*

"Your Grand Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase is befitting the nineteenth or twentieth century. There never has been, nor is not now, or ever will be, such presents again as is now offered by you to a united people; and it is expected that the drawing will be over in sixty days."

From Sturgeon P. Chased, *Attorney at Law:*

"Know all men by these Presents, of which there are some half a million, the names may be sent and the money entered in its own recognizance. I think the object is good, and your judgment, in my opinion, is sustained."

From Prof. J. C. Air, *Chemist and Almanacist:*

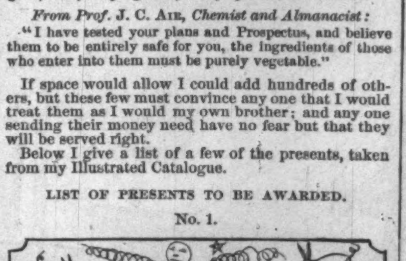
"I have tested your plans and Prospectus, and believe them to be entirely safe for you, the ingredients of those who enter into them must be purely vegetable."

If space would allow I could add hundreds of others, but these few must convince any one that I would treat them as I would my own brother; and any one sending their money need have no fear but that they will be served right.

Below I give a list of a few of the presents, taken from my Illustrated Catalogue.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

No. 1.



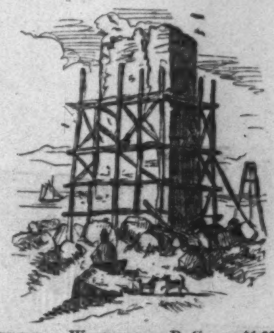
Taken from a Photograph.

One Country Residence in New Jersey $0,000,163 50

Description of the Property.—This Elysian Rural Retreat is situated upon the flowing banks of Mud Rippling Creek, Sandburr County, New Jersey. The situation of the Estate is one of ineffable sweetness. Gentle zephyrs are constantly employed by the township in playing the Æolian harps of the swaying treetops; gorgeous parterres of blossoming flowers spring up whenever they think they can improve the prospect; and weeds are prohibited by law. Undulating swards sweep gracefully down to meet stately groves; and on every considerable plain a man with a red shirt is employed to pipe to his Phyllis, and keep sheep for the purpose of giving animation to the landscape.

The females of the vicinity are all of indescribable beauty; the young men invariably of matchless grace and agility; while the old men wear white beards and bestow blessings. All are characterized by an air of the utmost refinement and simplicity. They are almost entirely unacquainted with the value of money, and will seldom shoot you for appropriating an apple.

No. 604.



A Monument at Washington, D. C......$1,987,654 32

This piece of free masonry was partially built in partial memory of the Father of his Country, but as events progressed (which was not the case with the structure) he came near having no country. It was thought appropriate he should come equally near to having a monument. The Rents now accruing from its eligible situation are enormous, one on the S.W. side running from the bottom to the top. The person winning this prize will be put under bonds to complete it.

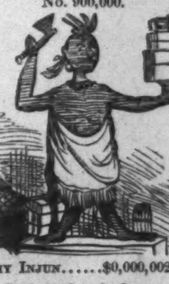
No. 500,640.

A Drawing of Turkey......$0,000,001 25

Drawn by Bridget M'Coy; Stuffed by Mrs. Jones.

The struggles that these unhappy beings have endured in their fights for liberty must make the contemplation of this picture an ever-pleasant theme to the man of epicurean taste and acquirements.

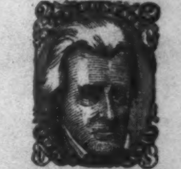
No. 900,000.



Dumy Injun......$0,000,002 75

This piece of Statuary has had a great run, and as it represents a portion of the human race that is "untaxed," it will always be regarded as the representative of an enviable people.

No. 990,000.



Portrait of Andrew Jackson......$0,000,000 02

Engraved on Steel by the American Bank-Note Company.

This head was struck off by order of the American Government, at the Government Printing-Office, and was distributed for sale throughout the United States, every Postmaster being appointed agent for the sale of the picture.

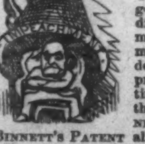
No. 999,000.

Autograph Letter of Mr. M'Crackey to Andrew Johnson, President of the United States—Very rare—only one of the kind......$0,000,000 00.

(*Copy of Letter.*)

"Mackerelville, Aist River.

"Misther President,—I hev thravelled a great dale through the counthry, was two years Conducthor on the Third Avenue Cars, and have had occasion to see something of the inimies of the Democrathic parthy, as will as yoursilf and Billy Seward. Ould Binnett, who used to be a good Dimocrat, now shpakes very disrespictful of your Honor, and makes no bones to say as impachement is jist the thing yur riverence desarves, and it laves a very bad imprishun on me naburs, who are distinguished furriners and belong to the Dimocrathic parthy. Ould Binnett, the spalpeen, shpakes of yez all in a very inilegant sthyle of spache, and, with other min from the New Ingland States, continually make fun of you and Billy Seward, who, they say, is 'hopelessly degraded.' Ben Buthler does not pretind to consale his disgust, and shpakes as only you would expict a rinegade Dimocrat to shpake, and is in favor of publicly suspinding your Honor, as we did the nagers here one summer, whin the lamp-posts were dicorated with the heads of thim as had brought all the thrubbel on the Dimocrathic parthy. I undershtand Misther Shtanton, another rinegade Dimocrat, dispises the Dimocrathic parthy, and ounly houlds his office at the suggestion of ould Greeley and thim fillows, and proclaims loudly that a nager should vote, whin he knows that he will not vote fur your riverence or Billy Seward.



Binnett's Patent Extinguisher.

"Whin I saw Althefman Rooney fling the ink-shtand at the head of the Prisidint of the New York Council I wished it was ould Shtanton himsilf that was sittin' there, and it was mesilf that had the ink-shtand; I would tache him betther mannirs than to imprison Dimocrats as he did when the Southern min were fightin' fur their nagers.

"I hev heard from me frind Morrissey that ould Welles, whose name your riverence could not remimber about two years ago, and whose name is not wurth remimbering, is another ould rinegade dimocrat, and who goes with ould Stevens and thim radicals, and is down on yoursilf when he gets with ould Zack Chandler and thim fillows. The fillow has built some Monithors, and he thinks himsilf the Monark of the Says.

"Ould Forney, the dead duck, another rinegade Dimocrat, spakes very inilligant of your Honor and Billy Seward, and is now thrying to get the printing of the Congressional debates, which your Honor will niver allow so long as Misther Windell, who is a good Dimocrat, can print thim. All of these ould rinegades are for impachement of yer Honor, and they are not only a public scandal, but are the inimies of the Dimocrathic party, of which yoursilf and Billy Seward are honorable mimbers. Some of my frinds who went to Washington say that the rinegade Dimocrats are our worst inimies.

"Bill Kelley, I'm tould, is another ould riprobate, and who Billy Seward had betther write to and ask to resign, along with ould Stevens, who says your Honor is always dhrunk, if you wish to save the Dimocrathic parthy from going to the divil and yoursilf from impachement, which them fillows now have got into their heads. I ask nothing at your Honor's hands, but I want dacent min in Congress, with a big majority of Dimocrats and no ould rinegades. Respictfully, Michael M'Crackey,

"Of Mackerelville, New York.

"A frind will deliver this in parson."

The balance of my presents, amounting in number to 4,999,994, will consist mainly of horses and carriages, gold watches, pianos, 500,000 complete copies of Joe Miller, the nine numbers of Mrs. Grundy, one volume of the *Congressional Globe,* one Ocean Telegraph, a section of the Pacific Railway (unfinished), etc., etc.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Concert and Chase, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggest.

Contributions and donations gratefully acknowledged. Money especially solicited; it is advisable in all cases to make the sums large, and send by Express, prepaid.

This, dear *Weekly,* is a mere outline of my plan, and if I can get General Grant, or Mr. Johnson, or some other lucky person, to draw the numbers out of the wheel, I will put it immediately in motion. The Concert to be given when one-half of the tickets and purchasers are sold; the Chase to take place when I get all of the money. You will hear from me again.

Your own C. O. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It has come to be debated in military circles whether the Foundling Hospital is a desirable place for infantry practice.

The Cattle Plague.—Flies.

If one pine-tree makes pitch, how many will it take to make pitchers?

At one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

It is no breach of etiquette for a lady to decline a gentleman's proffered hand if she is liable to soil her glove by accepting it.

Hint to an Infuriated Printer.—Compose yourself.

Why is an unsuccessful oil-borer like an advertised wife?—Because he left his bed and bored for parts unknown.

A well laid dinner is always served according to mathematical rule—first the soup or fishes (superficies) and then the solids.

It is said that some mothers have grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

Why did "the monks of old" laugh so much?—Because the convents were always full of sells.

If "Union is strength," what is a little whisky and plenty of water?

There is an old proverb that says that contentment is the true philosopher's stone. Brown says it's very likely, for nobody has ever found one or the other.

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

Truth is a stranger, except in fiction.
Charity begins with a cold bath in the alms-house.
Set a thief to catch—financiers.

Definition by our Housemaid.—"My Pale Companion:" the scrubbing-brush.

Why are ship-carpenters the most impolite men?—Because they are several days making a bow.

Two Old Men's Tails.—Old Fogeyism and Old Bogeyism. Let us cut them off.

"Unequal Rating."—A Big Wife scolding a Little Husband.

"I saw a lady wrapped up in a velvet mantle that she said she wouldn't take six hundred dollars for," said Smith to Jones. "I can beat that all hollow," retorted Jones; "for *I* saw a lady that was *wrapped up in her baby* that she wouldn't have taken *six hundred thousand* dollars for."

Paper made from wood can scarcely be claimed as a recent invention, for it is well known that *log*-books have long been used by masters of vessels.

Jeff Davis has been caned by some ladies of Norfolk. The cane was made of a piece of oak from the rebel ram *Merrimac,* and had a gold head.

If the price of a sleigh-ride be $5, what would be a fair charge for "cab-bage?"

Woman's Best Book.—*Self-Help,* by Smiles.

The very climax of superfluous benevolence has been declared to be that of holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain.

A handsome young peddler made love to a buxom widow. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the peddler ample means. When they met again, the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have another wife," cried the notion dealer.

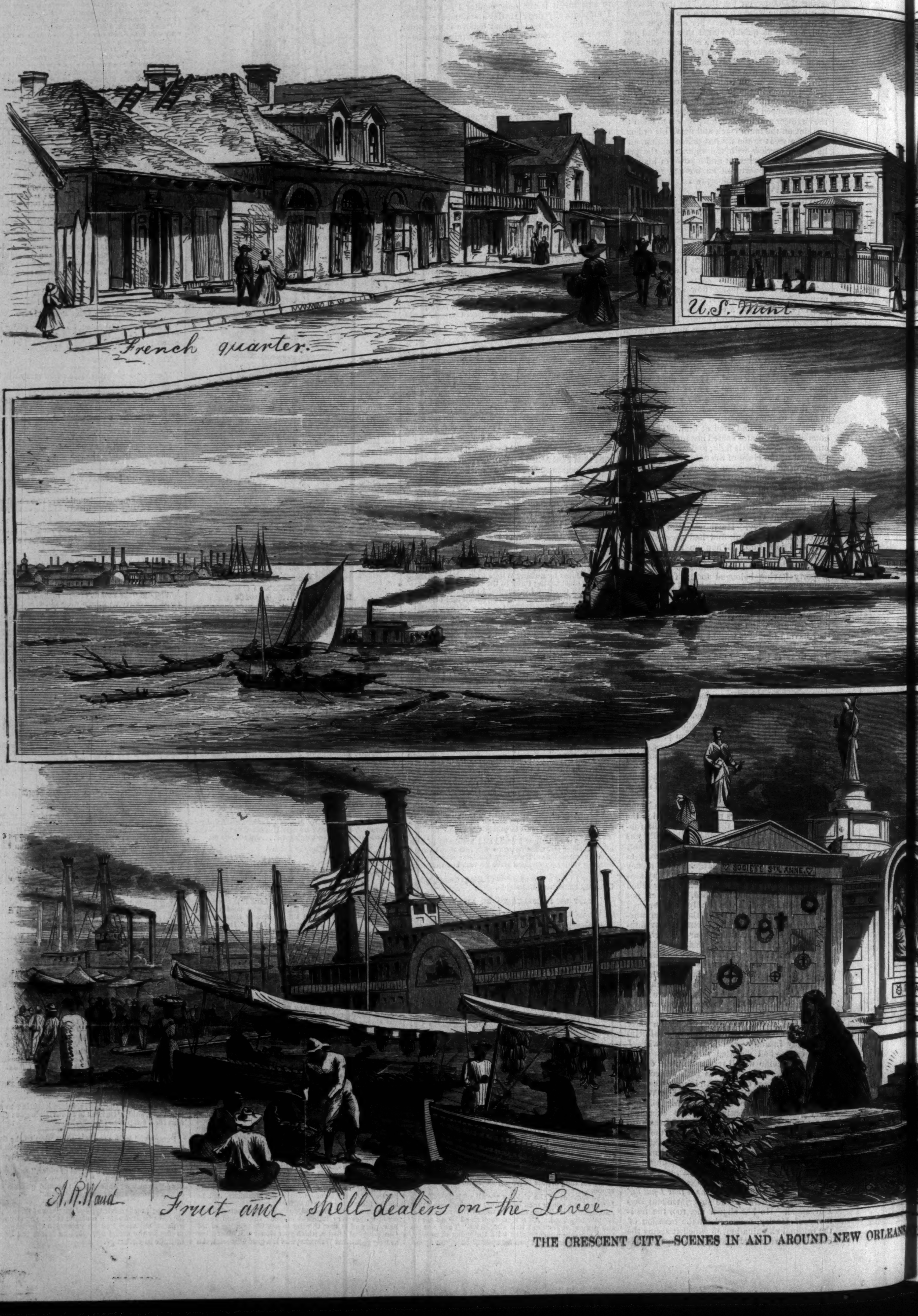
Many Government officials are like some postage-stamps; they are poor sticks.

A Professor of Chemistry, while lecturing to a college class, said, "Oxygen is an invisible gas;—*you see it in these bell glasses!*"

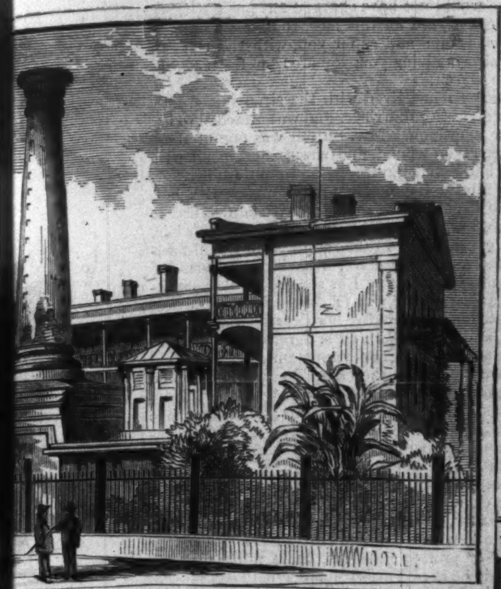
Pumps and hose are little protection to the feet in wet weather, although they are indispensable in keeping a vessel dry.

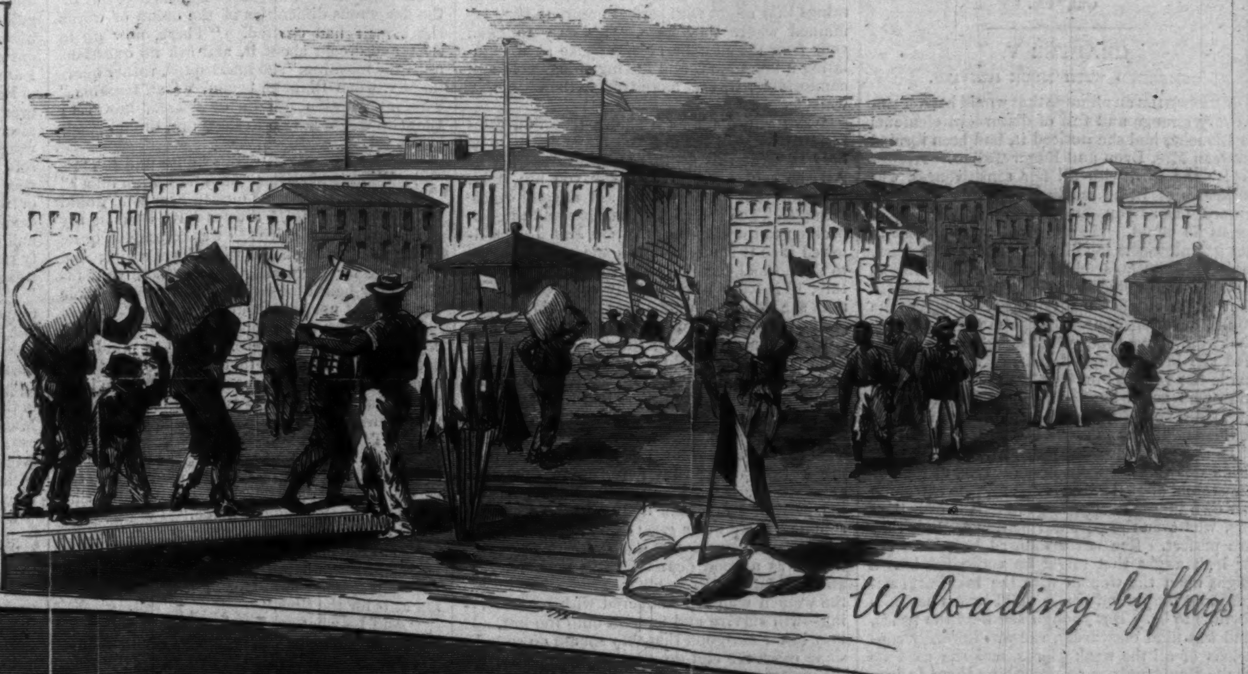
"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "from your appearance I should guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

The printer is a fair type of the present financial age. He does business on a metallic basis, yet delights in a paper currency and an extensive circulation. He profits by the credit system, and favors the broadest latitude in exchange.


French quarter.
U.S. Mint
SOCIETY STE ANNE
A. R. Waud
Fruit and shell dealers on the Levee

THE CRESCENT CITY—SCENES IN AND AROUND NEW ORLEANS





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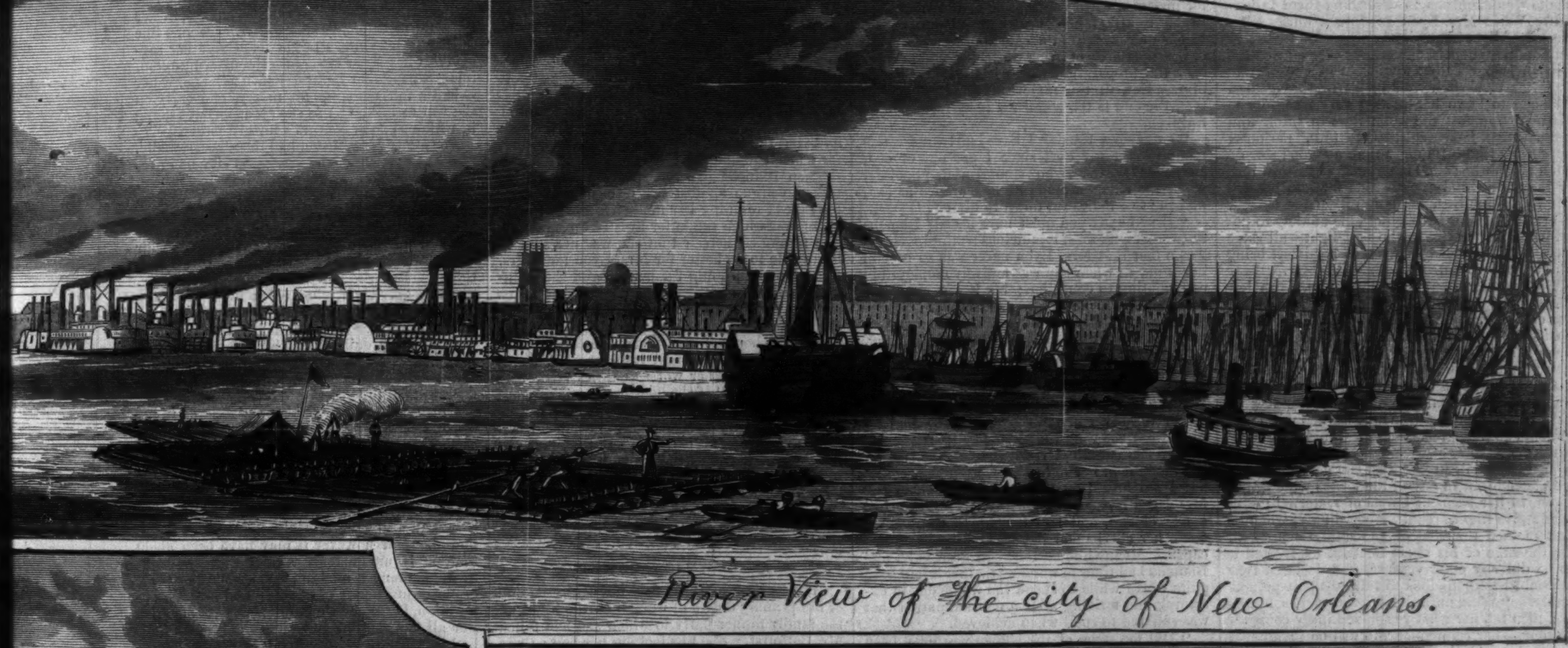
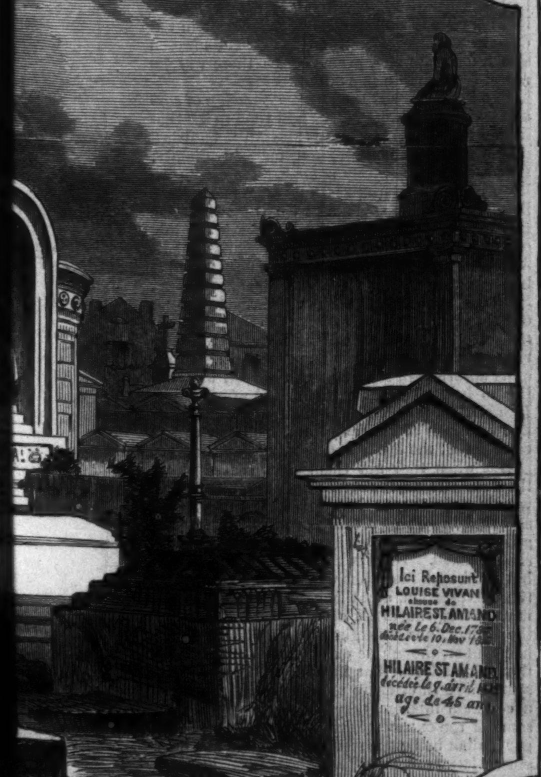
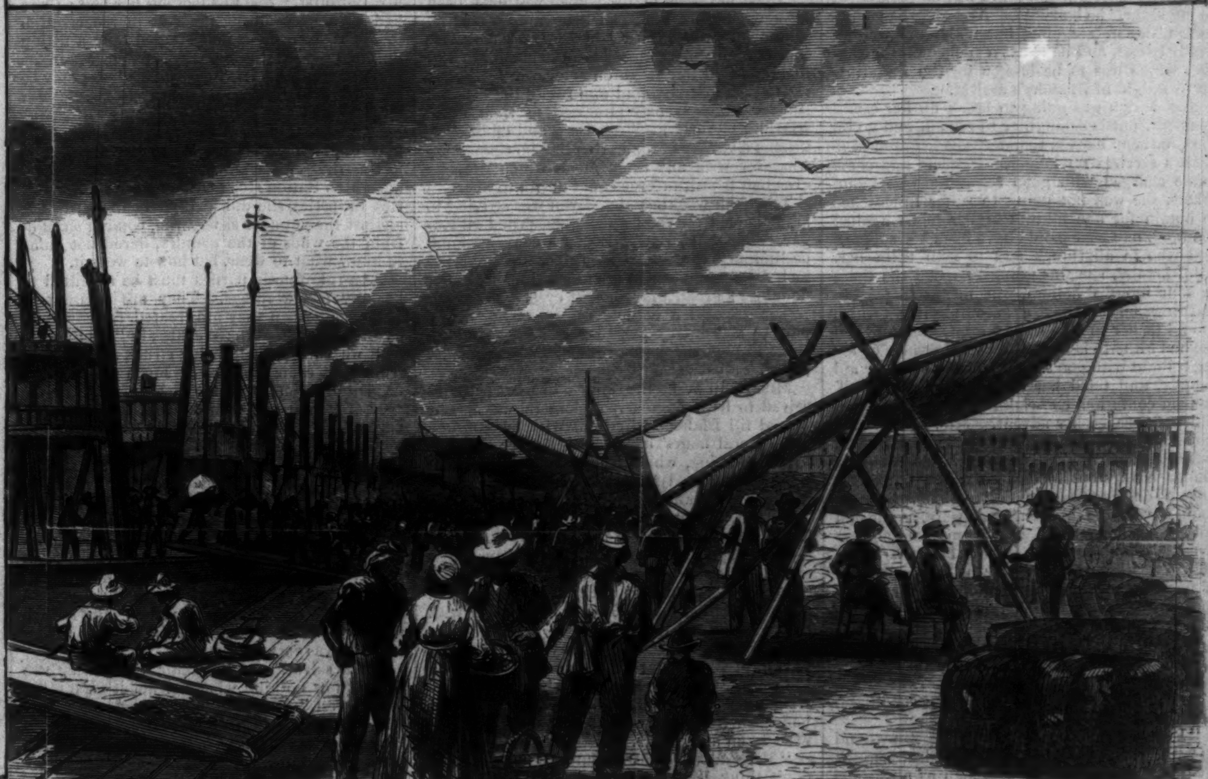


River View of the city of New Orleans.


Ici Reposent
LOUISE VIVAN
épouse de
HILAIRE ST. AMAND
née le 6. Dec. 17
décédée le 10. Nov 18
HILAIRE ST AMAND
décédé le 9. avril
agé de 45 ans

French Cemetery.



Sketch on the Levee.

LOUISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 158.]

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER V.

CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

Meanwhile an alliance that would have seemed very strange and full of discordant elements to Blanche, had she noticed it, had been formed between Mrs. Lyon and Edgar Talbot. Almost before the girl, with all her sensitiveness, was conscious of it, he marked his sister's manner toward Mrs. Lyon, and saved her from it as far as he could. He perceived at once that in her garrulousness lay Mrs. Lyon's chief danger, and Mrs. Sutton's chief chance of stinging Blanche into subjection. Therefore he turned that garrulousness upon himself as far as he could, devoting himself to the mother in a way that would have touched the daughter very much had she loved him, but that, as it was, simply made her regard him as a well-meaning young man who could have nothing in common with her, since he "rather seemed to prefer mamma's tedious talk."

It must at once be conceded that Blanche Lyon was very far from being a type of the duteous child of real life or romance, who can cloud her own judgment over to the extent of believing, whatever the parental attributes, that they are perfect. She never allowed herself to say or look aught that might be construed into a slight upon the woman with the lukewarm nature and limp mind whose child it was her misfortune to be. But though she kept the peace, and was filial outwardly, she was inwardly conscious of all the weak places, and she used no shallow euphemisms in describing them to herself. When Mrs. Lyon got into a wordy labyrinth, and then immediately proceeded to display an impatient hopelessness about ever extricating herself, Edgar Talbot would put in a word, and help her to clear herself in a way that caused Blanche to leave her mother very trustfully to his mercy, but at the same time to think him not exactly a "poor spirited creature," perhaps; but at any rate little more than a "good sort of young man who suited mamma." Her own lack of interest in and appreciation for him blinded her to his motives, his admiration for herself, his tenderness for her feelings, his anxiety to put all belonging to her in the best light—all these were lost upon her by reason of her heart being untouched by him.

So it came about that when Mrs. Lyon left the Grange and went back to live in London her communications respecting Mr. Talbot's unabated interest in and kindness to her fell flatly upon Blanche.

"It's very good of him to go and call on mamma—I suppose her old stories amuse him," was her sole mental comment upon the fact of Edgar Talbot having "renewed the acquaintance, and said he was sure he hoped it would continue," to use Mrs. Lyon's own words. Miss Lyon thought so little about it, in fact, that she never so much as referred to it in any of the letters which Mrs. Lyon, in her frequent bursts of maternal pride, would give him to read. Accordingly, when he first mooted the plan of the united household for the sake of his sister Beatrix, he treated it as he did any other venture, and declared that it would be injudicious to talk about it prematurely. "Wait until Miss Lyon comes home, and then tell her what you have kindly consented to do—her companionship will be invaluable to my sister," he had said. And Mrs. Lyon had refrained, sorely against her will, from writing wordy letters, and had kept a silence on the subject which was to be broken for the first time on this night of Blanche's arrival.

Mrs. Marsh was going to break up her establishment, put her daughter to school, and go on the Continent herself, therefore she required Miss Lyon's services no longer. Blanche had come home charged with good resolutions. Among others, she was not going to suffer impatience to obtain for one minute in her heart against the weak one who should have been her support, and who in all things had to lean upon her. Additionally, she was going to spend the three or four months' holidays she meant to take in learning some language or accomplishment which should fit her to take some better situation than she had hitherto held. The consciousness of being fraught with good intentions came to her aid happily, and tided her over the irritating half hour of confusion, complaining, and explanation which succeeded her advent. Mrs. Lyon was a woman who was utterly incapable of letting a fact speak for itself. The dinner was late—the dinner is very apt to be late where unceasing fuss and one female servant reign alone. Blanche could have borne this with composure, as she had not set her hopes on dining the moment she arrived. What she found hard to bear was being told it was late, and why it was late—a stream of narration which was swollen continually by many way-side springs of explanation concerning all the nouns incidentally mentioned. It was hard, very hard indeed, for the girl who had a good heavy weight upon her, made up of many things, to listen patiently to the tale of the greengrocer's laxity, the butcher-boy's peccadilloes, and the servant's general iniquities.

"I do not mind for myself," Mrs. Lyon wound up with, when the wearied Blanche drew a quick breath that was as much of a sigh as a sensible woman can ever permit herself to heave, and this not out of impatience at any of the ills to which the livers on narrow incomes are heir, but at the manner of their recital—"I do not mind for myself; I never expect to be any thing but worried and uncomfortable; but I do wish to make your home pleasant to you."

"Then, mother, let me do all the fault-finding," Blanche answered, brightly. "You sit down and take things easy."

"Ah!" Mrs. Lyon said, shaking her head, and rising up laboriously to move two or three things that might with perfect propriety have remained where they were, "it's easy to talk: your poor dear father always spoke as if regulating a household, and having things nice and comfortable, was no more trouble than taking a walk."

"But you don't have things nice and comfortable, with all the fuss you make." Blanche only thought this sentence, she did not say it. All she said was, "I dare say you are right, mamma; but comfort is a most uncomfortable thing." Then she took off her hat and threw it back on to the side-board (when Mrs. Lyon followed it as if it might have done some damage to the normal decorations of that piece of furniture, if it were not carefully supervised), and then she threw off a good deal of the brightness with which she had come into the room, and sat down rather sadly, under the conviction that her good resolutions would be utterly routed before long.

Down at the Grange there had been an easy-going refinement pervading all the arrangements—a refinement that came as much from the mistress having a clear head as it did from her having a full purse; but here, up in this little cramped lodging, where the head and purse of the presiding domestic deity were alike badly supplied, there was a good deal that was temper-trying and unavoidable, and (which was worse) there was a good deal that was temper-trying and avoidable. Probably the race of Marthas—the women who are cumbered with much serving—will survive and flourish unto the last. It may be for our good that they should do so. In some cases the end does justify the means; as, for instance, when vaccination causes small-pox to be lightly taken, or when missionary pie brings one savage of delicate digestion to a sense of the superiority of living preaching missionaries over the preparation which has disagreed with him. But, in the majority of everyday matters, the end is too small for fussy means to be forgiven.

"I am sure, the day I have had!—not a moment to call my own since I got out of bed, Blanche!" Mrs. Lyon commenced, piteously, when the chicken made its appearance at last, and the two ladies sat down to dinner.

"How happy you must have been!" Blanche answered, with most injudicious truthfulness. It was a fact that Mrs. Lyon never was so easy in her mind as when she was actively employed in contributing to confusion; but it was a fact the mention of which she always resented.

"Happy!" she echoed, pausing in her employment about the toughest part of the wing. "Happy! it is very little happiness I have known in life, Blanche—very little, as I have told your poor dear father over and over again."

"What a comfort it must have been to my father to hear you say so!" Blanche had remembered her good resolutions by this time; so, though she could not resist making the speech, she made it in her lightest, pleasantest manner.

"I am afraid he cared very little about it," Mrs. Lyon replied, pathetically. Then she shed a tear or two, and had to stop to chase them down her cheeks and dry them before they escaped. Meanwhile the chicken grew cold, and Blanche had time to wonder whether it had been quite worth while to spend the whole day in designing and striving after a consummation that was suffered to spoil when achieved.

"Tell me some of the things you have been busy about, mamma," Blanche asked, hastily. And then Mrs. Lyon entered upon a narrative that reminded her daughter of the famous brook, in that it bid fair to go on "forever." A narrative that wound round and round the original subject which it had professed to treat of at starting, cleverly avoiding that, and embracing instead a variety of topics that had no connection whatever with any thing about which Blanche ever had heard, or ever could desire to hear.

The truth was that Mrs. Lyon was striving to brace herself for the leap she had promised Edgar Talbot to rise at by taking a conversational preliminary canter. She rather dreaded the look the announcement might call into life in her daughter's great, gray, honest eyes. More, she rather dreaded a definite refusal on Blanche's part to accompany her to Mr. Talbot's house, there to play the part of social guardian-angel to Mr. Talbot's sister.

Mrs. Lyon broke the tidings, in what she conceived to be a singularly diplomatic way. She waited till Blanche (tired out with her journey and several hours' hard hunting after her mother's meaning, which had been, as usual, sedulously concealed in many words) went up to her own room and prepared to go to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep; for Mrs. Lyon followed her with a glass of warm sherry and water—a beverage with which Blanche was unsympathetic, the mere sight and faint odor of which brought back memories of childish illnesses and general debility. Mrs. Lyon followed her with this draught and the words:

"My dear Blanche, what do you think of this plan of Mr. Talbot's?" laying a slight stress on the words "what do you think," as if the matter had been before Blanche for some time, and had been a subject of free discussion between Mrs. Lyon and others.

"Mr. Talbot!—Mrs. Sutton's brother? I don't think I know any plan of his," Blanche replied, raising herself up and leaning on her elbow.

"Then I may as well tell you to-night, to give you something pleasant to dream about," the elder lady rejoined, with a little affected air of jocularity that was very pitiable. Then she went on to tell what Mr. Talbot had thought, and she had thought first; and then what each of them had said to the other, and then what each had thought the other would think, and then what both had said Blanche would think, until she swam away into a haven of satisfaction out of the dangerous difficulties of the ocean of words she herself had created. "There, now go to sleep and dream about it, and ask no questions until the morning," she interrupted, rather querulously, when Blanche began, "But, mamma." The interruption fell on deaf ears, however; Blanche would not go to sleep and dream about it just yet.

"To manage Mr. Talbot's house and his sister! What is his sister? an infant or an idiot?"

"Really, Blanche, no one, to hear you, would believe how careful I always have been in my own language. Choice! I was considered quite choice in my expressions when I was a girl; and I am sure for years after my marriage your father never heard me say a word that the whole world might not have heard."

"I dare say not, poor papa!" the girl cried, with petulant irreverence. "Never mind my bad language to-night, though, mother, tell me more of this plan; tell me something I can hear with patience; tell me, you have not agreed to put yourself and me in the position of servants in Mr. Talbot's house."

She spoke fast and earnestly. Her mother, in describing the tones Blanche used on the occasion, afterward, to the sympathizing Mrs. Sutton, denominated them "fierce."

"I am to be Miss Talbot's chaperon."

"Blanche laughed out merrily. The absurdity would touch herself she knew; still she could not help seeing the humor of it all, and laughing at it for the time."

"And I—what am I to be?" she inquired.

"You are to be Miss Talbot's companion—treated quite like her sister; and really, Blanche, I do not see that a companion is so much lower than a governess," Mrs. Lyon added, hurriedly. Then she went on to cry a little, and to say that this was a prospect that opened up something like peace, and comfort, and security to her—things (she would mention incidentally) which had hitherto been denied to her. But of course she should have to give them up, and go on living the life of privation, not to say misery, for which she had been expressly born!

Then Blanche had to perform a humiliating task: to argue against her own judgment, for the sake of rescuing her mother from the watery abyss over which the latter insisted on hovering. She reminded herself that she was not sure of being able to do better for Mrs. Lyon than Mrs. Lyon proposed doing for herself, and she sedulously strove to cultivate the feeling that it was unworthy of her to imagine that there would be any degradation in going in a subordinate position to the house of Mrs. Sutton's brother. The mere thought of her fair, insolent, skillful antagonist brought her worst qualities vigorously to the surface. "If she does not keep the peace from the first—from the very first—keep it fairly, and never try to deal me a foul blow, I will strike—and wound her, too," she thought, as she turned her hot, throbbing brow from the light and pressed it into the pillow, when at last her mother left her alone—but not to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAMILY PARTY.

Mrs. Sutton had certainly not neglected one of the primary duties of woman on the night of the family dinner-party to which she had asked Mr. Bathurst. She was looking her best; there had been no counting the cost in the creation of the rich costume that seemed only a fitting finish to her prettiness—it was so perfect in its unobtrusiveness. Having abstained—as may be remembered—from going to offer Beatrix a hint on the subject of her dress, she was rather disappointed to find, on Beatrix's entrance, that the hint would have been superfluous, Miss Talbot having dressed the situation capitally. Securely as Mrs. Sutton stood in the centre of her own rich draperies, she did feel her heart hardening against the younger sister, who, coming straight from the wilds of the country, dared not alone to know what to wear, but how to wear it.

As a rule family parties must be admitted to be very trying things. They are pleasant to read about when they are treated, for example, as Dickens treated the Wardles, in "Pickwick." Still we can not help being struck by the great truth that even the Manor Farm might have been dull, even at that hilarious season of the year, if it had not been enlivened by the presence of the Pickwickians—and introduced to us by Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Sutton thoroughly appreciated all the difficulties attendant on making a family dinner-party go off well. The thorough appreciation was not the result of experience, for it was the first time her brothers and sisters had met together under her roof, and Mark was too completely the result of circumstances for any material family connections he might have, to come under Marian's consideration. But though she had had no practice in the art, her theory about it was very perfect.

"The salvation of the affair will be, that two of us know nothing whatever about each other or the rest," Mrs. Sutton had said to herself while dressing. "Trixy and Lionel will assemble themselves together here with as much faith in us all and our surroundings as if they were strangers to us." Mrs. Sutton laughed a pleasantly derisive little laugh, as she thought this, and looked at herself so sweetly in the glass that her maid thought it an auspicious moment to hint how acceptable her "wages" would be to her. At the sound of the word the fair, innocent-browed, well-to-do beauty's face clouded, and she turned impatiently from the glass.

"I have told you, over and over again, that I will pay you when I can, Rickson. What is the use of your worrying me about it? You are all alike—a set of spoiled extortionists. Hortense would not have charged any one else three guineas a yard for this lace, that looks nothing now it is on; and as for you, with the things I am always giving you, you are as well-dressed as I am myself."

Rickson had lived with the siren-voiced lady ever since her marriage, and was attached to her after a fashion. Mrs. Sutton was one of those women who wound, and wrong, and insult with soft hand, and kind eyes, and gentle tones. It was almost impossible to feel angry with her, or to deem her in the wrong if she deigned to desire that any one should feel pleased with her, and consider her in the right. She would falsify facts, trick, deceive, deal in any form of treachery, in short. But she did it all pleasantly; and so, some way or other, though she was found out continually, her dependents stood by her, and served her and suffered for it. It was her specialty to be sweet and gentle, feminine and pleasant. Given the object Lady Macbeth had to gain, and she would have played Lady Macbeth's part. But she would first have made Macduff love her for her tenderness and delicacy and for her fair innocent beauty, that she might have killed him the more conveniently while his admiration was at its height, with a nice clean dagger.

So now, though she spoke impatiently to Rickson, and would not, like Hope, tell a "flattering tale" of prompt payment, there fell the magic mantle of her pleasant manner between herself and her servant, who showed her sense of that manner's artistic merit by being far less uncivil than she thought she dared to be.

Nevertheless, though the subject was dropped almost as soon as started, it had brought the fact of there being several serious crumples in her rose-leaf prominently before Mrs. Sutton. She set her little, white, straight teeth together savagely as her sister came into the drawing-room, remembering that Beatrix had it all before her—had a fair start—might marry, and carry on the war as brilliantly as she (Marian) was doing it, without one of Marian's inward pangs.

For pretty Mrs. Sutton had these occasionally. She was not one of the successful sinners of romance, who do all sorts of reprehensible things, with a conscience unclouded as their cheeks. Mrs. Sutton told stories, and deceived her husband, and got herself into debts and difficulties through pursuing a tortuous course, when fair sailing would have carried her clear of all such things. But she did not sin with impunity. She was horribly frightened at times—she was brought so very low at others as to have to put on a fair surface-seeming to her inferiors; she went about in daily danger of being found out. And though she fully deserved it all, it being her desert did not make the inward pangs less hard for a woman to bear.

It may be doubted whether she suffered in her conscience. It may, indeed, be doubted whether she had any conscience at all, in the proper acceptation of the word. Her two strongest qualities were thoughtlessness and vanity, and these do not conduce much to the preservation, far less cultivation, of any conscience with which a human being may originally have been endowed. But however it may have been about that, it is undoubtedly a fact that she went through many a quaking time when her pride of place, her power of creating and keeping admiration, her domestic position was endangered. For all her well-bred little airs and graces, she had it in her to be very much of a sycophant—had it in her to trail her nut-brown tresses in the dust in private rather than have them lowered one inch in public, even though there was no moral degradation in such lowering.

She had banished the sharp expression of savage jealousy before Beatrix had time to see that it was more than a welcoming smile—banished it, and substituted one of young matronly dignity, that sat very gracefully upon her almost girlish beauty, Frank Bathurst thought. During the first ten minutes of being with the two sisters Mr. Bathurst made many profound and original observations to himself on the superiority of perfect tact, grace, and style over mere "perfect beauty," as shown in the favorable contrast Mrs. Sutton offered to her younger sister. It did not occur to him at the time that the contrast might not have been so markedly in favor of the married woman had she not happened to be apparently absorbed in something he himself was saying to her. When he mentioned afterward to Lionel that "Mrs. Sutton talked well," Lionel knew enough of his friend and his sister to feel certain that the latter had listened admiringly.

But when they got themselves seated round the dinner-table, the inferiority of perfect beauty was less patent to Mr. Frank Bathurst. He saw that there was a touch of nobility about the girl opposite to him which her pretty married sister lacked. Beatrix had not a vivacious face, but she had a face that was capable of very intense expression, and this capability made itself manifest to the artist at a very early stage of the dinner, and brought him very much under her banner, though he was ignorant of the cause that called forth that intensity. For want of some more interesting topic which should have a common interest, they had been speaking of some of the extravagances of the day, and Edgar Talbot had quoted some of the dull and dead season letters to the *Times* about it.

"From a man's point of view, it's simply feeble the way in which you ladies haunt certain shops and milliners' establishments," Mr. Talbot said to Mrs. Sutton; "you order your dress, and take a fair amount of time to do it, and then you give a few more days to the buttons, and the band, and the trimming. I won't have you spoil Beatrix, Marian."

"Marian has commenced well, at any rate," her husband put in. Then (he was off guard for once) he added, "She tells me she did not even take her sister near Hortense yesterday."

Even as he spoke he remembered himself—remembered how he had seen his wife's carriage at the dress-maker's door, and his heart smote him as he looked at Beatrix and saw the same look of intense, hot scorn on her face which Frank was just admiring.

Like a cat, Mrs. Sutton invariably offered a velvet paw, keeping the claws well back, and purred when she dared not scratch. She dared not scratch now; every one of the people present could be, and should be, useful to her. So she said, quite suavely:

"Trixy finds the room too hot; she is quite flushed. Take my advice, Edgar, and have a nice perforated oak screen put up in your room before you begin giving dinners. When do the Lyons come to you?"

The diversion was perfect. Mr. Bathurst ceased in an instant to admire Miss Talbot's expression, and to ponder over what could have called it into being.

"The Lyons," he repeated, addressing Mr. Talbot; "do you know any Lyons?"

"I know a Mrs. Lyon and her daughter," Edgar replied, rather stiffly. He exceedingly disliked having to offer up explanations concerning his relations with the Lyons to chance questioners.

"We all know Mrs. Lyon and her daughter," Mrs. Sutton went on to explain, "and we are all very much at the feet of Mrs. Lyon and her daughter; are we not, Mark?"

"I am more than rather interested. I have some cousins—distant cousins—of the name of Lyon. Is Miss Lyon called Blanche?"

"Yes, the children used to call her Blanche sometimes," Mrs. Sutton replied.

"Children—what children?"

"The children where she was governess," Mrs. Sutton said, quietly. And something in her tone brought the blood to the brows of the two men to whom Blanche was nearest, the one through his love for, the other through his relationship to her. Frank Bathurst was the first to speak.

"She went out as a governess, did she? A high-spirited girl, as she ought to be, coming of that stock."

Then he told the story of old Mr. Lyon's request, and rage at Blanche Lyon refusing it; and when he had finished, Mrs. Sutton felt very sorry that she had spoken about the Lyons at all. She had still one more charge in the gun she always carried against Blanche Lyon, and this she contrived to deliver in the course of the evening. But she sent it home to the "one" alone—she felt that at dinner she had not been diplomatic.

As soon as the two sisters found themselves alone in the drawing-room, Mrs. Sutton realized that she must talk very fast and very forcibly in order to keep Trixy from uttering the reproachful words she was evidently burning to utter relative to Madame Hortense. She had no distrust of her own powers of managing to avoid hearing unpleasant things. A few minutes spent in saying pretty things fluently, then a few minutes' sleep, or assumption of it, and then the men would come in, and "decent sisterly feeling would prevent Trixy" speaking. Mrs. Sutton was great about many things, but perhaps she was greatest of all about the moral and social responsibilities of others.

Accordingly she commenced at once, while wheeling one little couch round nearer to the fire to make "Trixy comfortable," and pushing another back into her own pet corner, where were low seats for satellites.

"Very good-looking Damon and Pythias are."

"You mean Lionel and his friend?" Trixy asked.

"Yes, of course I do. What a fortunate thing it is for us all that Lionel did not go into the bondage of an artistic friendship with one of the many untidy and poor young men who paint, and whose name is legion!"

Marian paused, and Trixy was on the point of saying a word as to the possibility of the untidy and poor young man being not utterly devoid of merit. A moment's consideration saved her from the error. Marian had not impugned their merit; she had only said it was a comfort to the family that Lionel had not formed a friendship for one of them. Probably she was right.

"It is an immense satisfaction to me that he is what he is," Marian went on. "I am far too fond of my brothers," she added, piously, "not to feel it my duty to see a great deal of them; a married sister can be of such immense service to a young man, can she not?"

The climax was weak. Beatrix had been feeling her painful inferiority and utter uselessness as an "unmarried sister," but she was partially restored by the appeal.

"I have no doubt that she can, and that you are, Marian," she replied, laughing. "Do your good offices extend to their friends?"

"When their friends are like Mr. Bathurst, and I have a beautiful sister, who is still Miss Talbot, near me, yes. The story tells itself, without trouble, Trixy; my experience of men with those heavenly blue eyes is, that they fall in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet."

Among other girlish attributes Miss Talbot had a fair sense of her own importance. She did not hold it absolutely necessary that other lips and other hearts should have played no part in the past of the one who might hope to win her in the present. She did not hold this absolutely necessary. At the same time, it would be a first condition with her that she should reign, and reign alone. So now she said:

"My experience of men with heavenly blue eyes is yet to be gained, and will not be from Mr. Bathurst."

"I have heard those decisions against a man's suit, before it has been proffered, made before to-day, Trixy," Mrs. Sutton said, in her most dulcet accents, stretching her feet out so that the dainty silk shoes, with their big rosettes, just escaped below her robe. "Don't determine too resolutely against Frank Bathurst; his eyes will upset your strongest resolutions, if he ever brings them to bear upon you."

"I will give him up to Miss Lyon, she has the prior claim," Trixy said, laughing. And then Mrs. Sutton sat up and pushed her brown hair back off her forehead, and suffered her eyes to scintillate.

"You will be weak—weak is no word for it—you will be foolish and wrong to the last degree, if you suffer that girl to be in Edgar's house for a week, Trixy; she will marry him and lead him like a blind dog!"

"And if she does?"

"If she does!—you ask it coolly enough now; but take my word for it, you will know the reason why it would be better she should not, before she has been his wife a month. She is artful, designing, unscrupulous, and clever."

Mrs. Sutton spoke fast and forcibly, but neither loudly nor coarsely. She panted out her denunciation of Miss Lyon much as a silver bell might "ring out" the falseness of the epoch with its tinkling chimes. In the face of the knowledge she had that Marian could diverge from the truth to suit her own convenience, without effort or scruple, and despite her brother Edgar's caution on the subject, Beatrix was conscious of being considerably carried by the fascinating homilist on the sofa.

"You know something to her disadvantage, Marian?—you could not be so bitter against this girl for nothing," Trixy asked, unguardedly. And Mrs. Sutton said to herself, "I wish I did," and to her sister:

"I know nothing; but I have my instincts—a pure woman's instincts seldom mislead, Trixy," she continued, with a brilliantly rapid assumption of the best British matron manner. Then they had to cease from the subject, for Lionel and Mr. Bathurst came in to ask if they might take their coffee there.

The pure woman, whose instincts seldom misled her, thought it well, on the whole, since she desired to stand highly with Frank Bathurst, to devote herself a good deal to her almost stranger brother this evening. There was a good deal about Lionel that was very interesting to most women. He was intelligent, with a bright surface intelligence that does not always—or often—go with the deeper, more intense æsthetic feeling for appreciation of, and proficiency in, art or literature. Further, he was good-looking, fine, well-grown, and graceful. There was no need for him to be ticketed—no woman seen with him would feel called upon to give a hasty explanation respecting him. She would rather take pride in waiting and hearing the speculations to which his appearance gave rise, since all of them were flattering.

If there was a good deal that was interesting to women generally about Mr. Lionel Talbot, the young, already well-reputed artist, there was even more that was particularly interesting to his sister, Mrs. Sutton. She saw in him a good, strong, legitimate stepping-stone to a higher place in the social scale for herself. She was very far from being contented with the position she had gained. Mark was utterly useless for the purpose of Marian's glorification. She would willingly have seen him thrice as plebeian in appearance, and know him three hundred times as plebeian in mind, to have been able to hang him on, when casually mentioning him to some one of the great county families. But she could not do so, fertile as was her imagination, and inexhaustible as were her expedients for self-aggrandizement. In most things he pandered to her weakness, for the sake of keeping it from the sight of the world that was only too willing to misjudge.

But in this he was firm—he would not lie himself, or be lied by any one over whom he had sway, into the line of Suttons of high degree. "I am not much to boast of, but, such as I am, I'm the best and the first gentleman of my family," he would say. And when he would say this, no matter whom it was said before, Marian, beneath all her falseness, all her keen desire to seem higher than she was, all her mortification, and all her indifference—had a feeling of admiration for the pluck of the man who could avow calmly, and not vaunt himself upon the daring to so avow it. The speech had frequently knocked down some delicate fabric of fiction respecting the family she had married into, which Mrs. Sutton had erected with much elaboration, for the benefit of some stranger. It had made her wince, and smart, and blush over and over again; but it always made her like the man who said it more.

Now, about Lionel her hopes were very high. She saw that he was made of more ductile materials than Edgar; moreover, he knew less about her, and was more likely, therefore, to come under her influence. If only he succeeded brilliantly, she would attach herself to, and identify herself very much with him. In pursuance of this idea, she told him she was sorry he had established himself with Mr. Bathurst at Baggswater. "You could have had a capital studio here, Lionel, and I could have peeped in on you sometimes, without feeling that I was interrupting Mr. Bathurst," she urged, in reference to her proposition.

"You can do that now, Marian; the 'Battle of the Bards' doesn't occupy much of his time just at present; he has got an idea of another subject from the same poem in his head—Venus herself luring Tannhauser up the fatal mountain; so he is letting himself lie fallow until he can meet with a model for Venus."

"I wonder if he will find one," Mrs. Sutton replied, looking round toward the man under discussion and her sister. The latter looked fair enough to be a model for the goddess of beauty at the moment. The notion that Frank Bathurst might think her so, and perhaps let it be known that he thought so, to the overthrowing of Mrs. Sutton's claims to be first always, roused all the sleeping tigress vanity that was always there, even if couchant, in Marian's character.

"I was looking at Trixy, hoping that she would do," she said, carelessly turning toward Lionel again; "she has good features—perfect, I suppose they may be called—and nice violet eyes; but she is no Venus."

"Bathurst will not readily find a better type."

"It's a very usual English type, however," Mrs. Sutton pursued. She could not bear that her own brother should admire her own sister. "A very usual English type—fine and fleshy, and wide-eyed; more a Juno than a Venus, isn't she, Mark?"

Mr. Sutton, who had just come in with Edgar Talbot, seated himself by his wife before he answered:

"I am not sure that my ideas about the respective goddesses are very clear: what is the question?"

"Mr. Bathurst wants a face to paint Venus from: Trixy will not do?"

"No; but his cousin, Miss Lyon, will," Edgar Talbot exclaimed. Then he felt annoyed with himself for saying it, or thinking it; and more horribly annoyed still at the fact of the relationship rising to his recollection. "That mother of hers will harass Blanche into marrying the fellow," he thought, angrily; and then he determined that he would tell Lionel to keep his friend away from his (Edgar's) house on Trixy's account. "It will never do to give him the freedom of the place; Lionel will quite understand that," he said to himself. Yet it did not give him any great uneasiness to see that already Trixy and Mr. Frank Bathurst were talking a duet, apparently very much to their own satisfaction.

"My experience of men with those heavenly blue eyes is, that they fall in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet." Trixy remembered her sister's words, as Mr. Bathurst looked at her while telling her some art story, until he grew confused in the telling. Trixy was not sure that she hoped her sister's experience might be exceptional; but she was sure that Frank Bathurst's eyes were of the most heavenly blue.

FORGIVEN AT LAST.

A SHORT time back, while on a walking tour through Thelemarken, in the south of Norway, I stopped at a little village on the side of a large inland lake. The cluster of wooded houses, with its quaint little church, was built at the head of a narrow mountain valley. As I sauntered along the village road, I noticed that pine-boughs were strewn about in front of many of the houses, while before one, the neatest-looking of them all, a few small fir-trees were set upright on each side of the doorway. There were sad faces among the many by-standers, for all the people of the village had evidently assembled because death was in that house, and the funeral procession was about to set out; for I knew that it was an old Scandinavian custom to strew boughs of fir and pine in front of the dwellings of the relatives and friends of the deceased.

In a few minutes the door of the house was opened, and the pastor came out dressed in his black gown and frilled linen collar. Next to him came eight men bearing two coffins, which they placed on an open bier. Next came the friends and relatives of the deceased, who decked the bier with wreaths of flowers and garlands. The pastor then placed himself at the head of the little procession, which set out toward the church. I was among those who followed.

On arriving at the church-yard the mourners were met by the village choir, which chanted a funeral dirge as it led the way to the grave. The coffins were then lowered, a sprinkling of earth thrown on them, and the pastor spoke, as from his heart, in an unwritten address, which, to judge from the tears it brought to the eyes of the assembly, was the living voice of a true sympathy. It was an impressive scene, and I lingered long after the funeral party had left the church-yard, trying to decipher the inscriptions on the numerous tombs. Presently, on looking up, I saw the pastor himself standing before me.

"The Herr is an Englishman, I presume?" he said, addressing me in my native tongue.

"Yes, Sir," I replied; "I ventured to follow the funeral party here, as I wished to witness the ceremony. I trust I have not intruded."

"By no means. But my house is close at hand. If you will do me the honor of sharing our frugal supper, I shall be glad to see you."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and was introduced to the *frue*, whom I found a most charming and amiable lady. When supper was over, I happened to allude to the funeral that had just taken place.

"Ah!" said my host, "theirs is a sad history. They were man and wife. He was what we call a merchant, that is, he kept a shop where all the necessaries of life are sold, and did a very good business. At one time there was no happier couple in my parish. It is about fifteen years ago that I married them in this church. For four years they lived as happily together as it is possible for man and wife to live. They were always to be seen in church, and they were never absent from the Sacrament. But all at once a strange and mysterious change occurred. They left off coming to church altogether, and evidently avoided me as much as possible. Fearing that I had given unintentioned offense, I asked the man one day when I met him if such were the case.

"'No, Herr Pastor,' he replied, 'it is not that; but—yet I have sworn to keep it secret. I pray you not to ask me.'

"Finding it was useless to question him, I asked his neighbors whether they could tell the cause of his changed manner and appearance. But all of them were as much in the dark as I was myself. At one time I feared that he must have committed some crime, but that fear soon passed away. Eleven years have gone by since then; and it was only a few days ago that I learned from his own lips the sad story of his life.

"For the last few years his wife had become a confirmed invalid; in fact, she had become prematurely old. Sorrow had set its stamp on her soul, and she was slowly but surely fading away.

"One night, about a week ago, a messenger came and requested me to attend at the house immediately, as she was evidently dying. I went with him, and was shown up into the bedroom. The sick woman's eyes were sunken, and a wild unearthly gleam played over her features. Every now and then her gaze was riveted on a door, outside which slow and heavy foot-falls could be heard, as of one pacing to and fro in agony of grief.

"I guessed who it was.

"'Oh! tell him—tell him to come to me,' she murmured in a faint and scarcely audible voice; and then fell back swooning on the pillow.

"'Nay! he will not see her, will not speak to her,' whispered the old woman who was nursing her. 'If the Pastor could only get him to come in, and just say one word, the poor thing would die in peace. For eleven years she has never heard the sound of his voice!'

"'Indeed!' I replied, as I passed through the door and entered the adjoining room.

"He was sitting down now, with his face buried in his hands, unconscious of my presence. I approached him, and began to speak to him gently, and urged him to accompany me into the next room. The sound of my voice seemed to arouse him; for he suddenly started up and confronted me, asking me in a harsh tone why I had presumed to intrude upon him? He did not want me....

"I let him go on, and then remarked quietly: 'But, my good friend, you know I am but fulfilling the duty of my calling. Do you know that your wife is at the point of death? In God's name come and speak to her. Believe me, Hans,' I added, as a look of anger flashed from his eyes, 'I do not know your secret. I do not know the cause of estrangement that has so long existed between you and your wife, neither do I seek to know it. But I have come to tell you that your wife is on her deathbed, pleading for your forgiveness. As you hope for pardon yourself, be merciful now to her whom once you loved so dearly.' My words seemed to have taken some effect.

"'Ah! you may well say that, Herr Pastor. But see her I can not—I will not. I have sworn it. But stay, you shall know all. Nay, nay! I can not go and look on her who has made my life a blank. Yes, Pastor, you are right. I did love her! ay, I worshiped her! Willingly would I have given my life for hers. But one day, great God! the scales fell from my eyes. I found my idol false—a base deceiver, a shameless hypocrite. I swore then before my God never to interchange another word with her in this life. I have kept my oath thus far, and will not break it now for all the powers of Heaven or Hell. You think me hard, you think me cruel, but how can you know what it is to feel as I have felt? You can have no idea what it is to have your heart made stone, to brood on a sorrow you can not get rid of, to be chained for life to some loathsome thing.'

"Just then the door slowly opened, and the dying woman, half leaning on the nurse, half crawling on her knees, entered the room, and fell down on the floor.

"'Mercy, mercy! husband, pardon!' she ejaculated, and them swooned away.

"'Out with her, I say! out with her!' shrieked the man, in a fury of madness. 'Out with her from my sight, or I will not answer for myself!' and he sank back upon a chair, white with passion, and trembling in every limb from the violence of his emotion.

"By the united efforts of myself and of the nurse we carried back the dying woman to her bed. Alas! the thorn was still in the pillow. On returning to her husband I found him somewhat calmer.

"'It is just eleven years this very day,' he said, 'since I returned from Christiana, whither I had gone on business. I had been away a month, and glad was I to get back to my home, for we had never been parted for so long before. She was not in when I returned, for I had come some days earlier than I had been expected.'

"'Well,' I said to the man who had been left in charge, 'how have things gone on during my absence?'

"'Oh! well enough, master,' he answered; 'but there is something odd about that boy Lars!'

"'How?' I asked; 'is the lad ill?'

"'Oh no; but he spends his dollars like a fine gentleman. Where he gets them from the good God alone knows!'

"These words set me thinking. Surely Lars was not deceiving me. I had brought him up ever since he was a child, as if he were my own. But where could he get his money from? Perhaps he had got into bad ways, and had learned to play cards and gamble. I never for one moment suspected any thing worse.

"'I had that afternoon occasion to go up to a chamber at the top of the house, where I kept my papers and cash. The box had evidently been moved since I had left home. Surely Lars is not a thief, I thought; but I will watch.

"'Just then I heard footsteps approaching, and I had scarcely time to hide myself behind some bales of wool, when a person entered. Great God! how my heart beat when I saw that it was not Lars, but my own wife Margarethe, who had just returned home, and as yet, I suppose, was not aware of my arrival. What could she want up here? I was soon satisfied, for she went straight up to the box, opened it with a key which she took from her pocket, and took out a handful of money. I could not believe my eyes. In a half unconscious state I followed her; and there in that very room where she lies now, I saw her go up to the lad, throw her arms round his neck, kiss him, and give him the money, and then he kissed her.' Here the man paused for a few moments, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks.

"'Yes, Pastor, all this I saw, and my heart turned to stone; and I had hard work to prevent myself from rushing in on them and killing them both. But I restrained myself, got out of the house as soon as I could, and wandered about in the forest till it was dark, and I knew my wife would be gone to bed. Then I returned home, and beckoned the lad toward me.'

"'Come hither,' I said, and we walked toward the forest. 'Thou seest, lad, yon road that leads from the village. Set out on it this instant; never return hither, as thou valuest thy life, else by the God above us, thou'lt die a dog's death!' He went, without a word, and I returned to my house.

"'She,' pointing to the other room, 'did as she liked, and I went my way. Ah! long and weary were the days; but the nights were longer and wearier still. Sorrow has been my food for eleven years; and you, Pastor, are the only living being that knows my tale. Now tell me—can I forgive that?' And he paced up and down the floor in an agony of grief.

"'Yes,' I said, 'most surely—forgive her, for she needs your pardon; forgive her her great sin, as you hope to be forgiven!' And I left him, and proceeded into the sick room to administer the last sacrament to the dying woman.

"I had just finished when the door opened, and a voice, choked with sobs, ejaculated: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—I forgive thee, as God forgives,' and it shut to again.

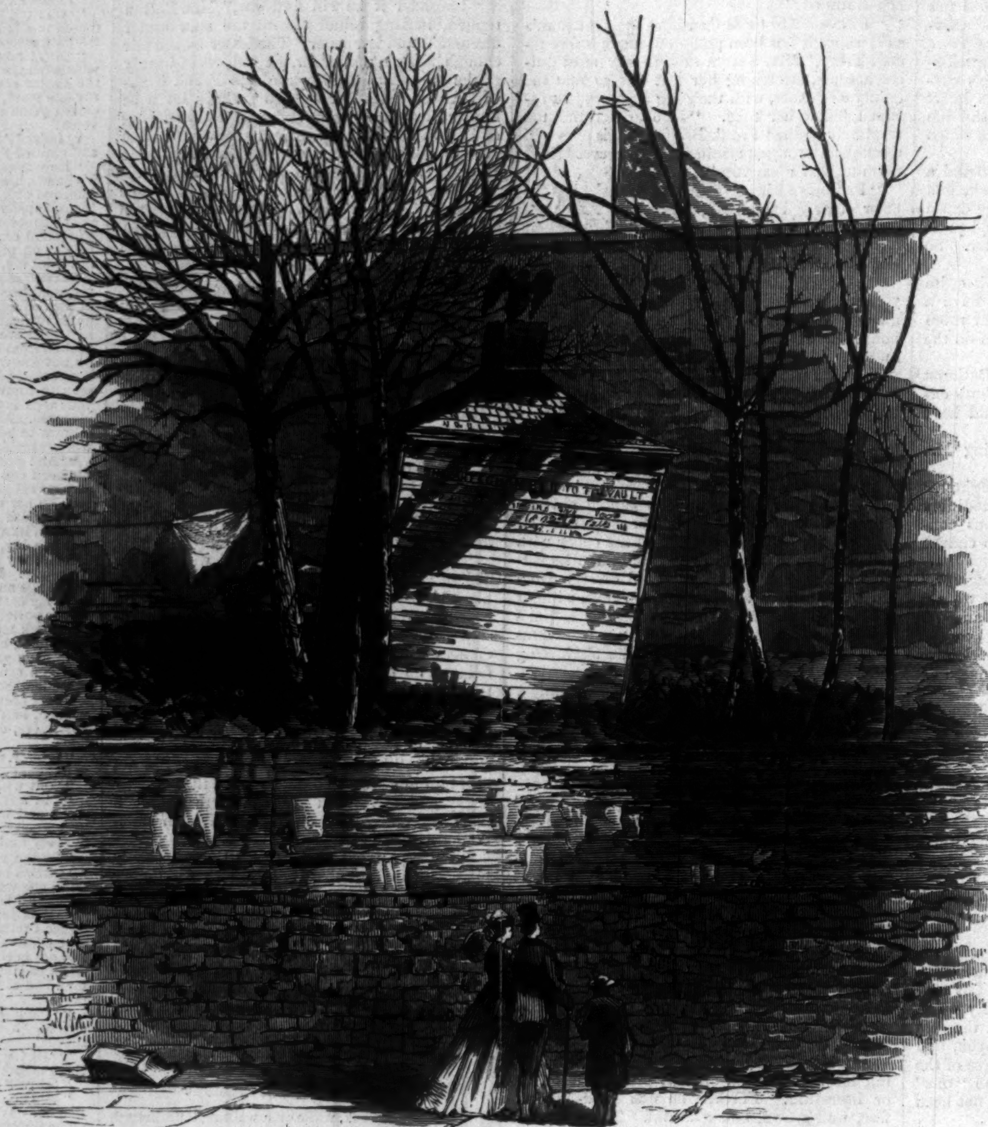
"A smile passed over her face. She had heard that voice once again, speaking in its wonted accents of love. It was enough—she could die now. And I could see that death was even now stealing up her face like a summer cloud that hides the sun from view for a passing moment, or like a fleeting shadow that hurries along the mountain side; and I whispered in her ear: 'Thy sin is forgiven, go in peace;' and her spirit passed away.

"But suddenly there was a crash in the adjoining room—a sharp and bitter cry of anguish. We dashed in and found her husband lying in his blood, while his hand still clenched the knife that had pierced his heart.

"They died in the same hour. The strain that had weighed on him through all those years had been too much for body and soul. And I believe, too, that his old love had returned; for, on kneeling down by his side, I could hear him whisper: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—farewell!' as if some spirit voice were echoing the words that he had so lately spoken to his wife."

Such was the substance of the history the Pastor told me, and very mournful seemed to me the funeral pines at the door of the desolate house, as I went back to my inn, through the first shadows of the night.

THE PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS.



ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT OF THE PRISON SHIP "MARTYRS," HUDSON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

It is not pleasant to reflect that Congress procrastinated over a bill giving an annuity to the last Revolutionary soldier until it was too late, and there was no longer a Revolutionary soldier left us. It is not a less unpleasant reflection, and even more a matter of reproach, to know that the Monuments to the Revolutionary martyrs are strangely permitted to go to decay.

We give on this page an accurate picture of the only structure remotely resembling a Monument erected to the memory of the eleven thousand soldiers of the Revolution who miserably perished while prisoners in the British prison-ships in Wallabout Bay. The engraving shows the precise condition of this, the *only* Monument which Brooklyn boasts. Its condition is a shame to the city and to the State in which it exists. This Monument was erected by the Tammany Society in 1808, to mark the burial-place of the "Prison-Ship Martyrs."

On the 26th of May, 1808 (the remains as far as possible having been collected), a grand procession was formed, and amidst solemn ceremonials the bones were placed in a vault which had been prepared. For those days the procession was an immense one, and the display something gorgeous and unprecedented. The remains had been placed in thirteen immense coffins, each coffin intended to hold the relics of the natives of one State, and these were deposited inside the building, after orations, music, and the firing of salutes. The accounts of the ceremonial, traversing all parts of the Union, created great excitement, and for a while there was no doubt that a fitting monument would take the place of the structure in which these relics were deposited. **Benjamin Romaine** was appointed Treasurer of the fund; but this never reached any considerable size, and was before long spent in keeping the place in repair. A sum appropriated by the State toward a monument was returned to the State Treasury.

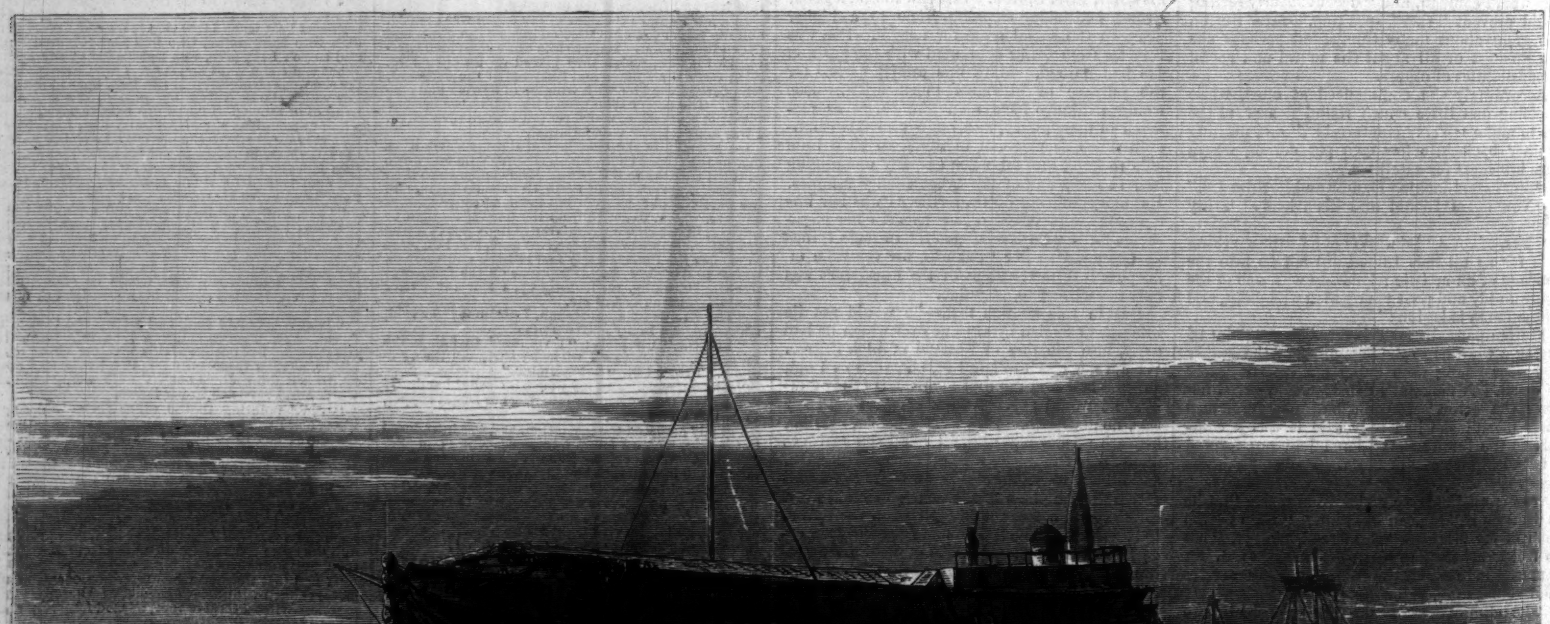
Soon the vault and its contents were almost forgotten, and in altering the grade of Jackson Street the walls of the vault were disturbed. The land on which the vault was situated was in course of time sold for taxes, and purchased by **Benjamin Romaine**, who had himself been a prisoner of the British, and who took every possible care of the bones during his life, and who, after death, was interred in the same tomb, which was subsequently used as a family burial-vault. Mr. **Romaine** erected an ante-chamber over it, with adornments and inscriptions. Subsequently the matter was revived, Congress was petitioned, and, in 1855, at a large meeting of citizens, it was resolved "that the time has arrived when the cities of New York and Brooklyn can not, without criminality, longer delay the necessary efforts for rearing the Monument to the Martyrs of the Prison-Ships." An association was formed; a site was selected on Fort Greene; and there the matter for the present ended.

At this time the grave and the Monument are in the last stages of decay. The walls are in a tumble-down condition, and abandonment and neglect are doing their work. Though the memory of these patriots is honored wherever there is one who calls himself an American, and praise and gratitude to them abound on ready lips, the great and proud city in whose charge they are suffers their bones to lie neglected, and has not placed one stone of a fitting and enduring monument.

In the same connection we also give a picture, by Mr. **Parsons**, of the Revolutionary Prison-Ship, the *Jersey*, as infamous in history as is the Libby Tobacco Prison-house. The vessel was originally a 64-gun ship. She was dismantled in 1776, and placed in Wallabout Bay, and used as a prison-ship until the close of the war, when she was left to decay. Often as many as a thousand prisoners were simultaneously confined on the *Jersey*. Her crew was composed of drafted British and Hessian soldiers, who were very cruel to the prisoners. Here, confined within a stone's-throw of their friends and relatives, these poor starving prisoners gazed from their prison port-holes on the neighboring shores, where welcome and plenty awaited them if they could but escape. They had but to promise obedience to the Crown and they were free. Promises of pardon and of gold were made them if they would but submit to "good King **George**;" but they sadly shook their heads. "Then rot!" said the British officers; and rot and die they did. They were taken ashore as they died from the ships, and buried in the swampy land forming the shores of the bay, where their bones now neglected lie. The condition of the cemetery in which they lie and the Monument which marks the spot should not be permitted longer to remain a reproach to the people of Brooklyn and New York.

THE LAST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the last anniversary of **Washington**'s Birthday there was buried at Edinburgh, New York, the last soldier of the Revolution. While the House of Representatives were engaged, on February 19, in discussing and adopting the Reconstruction bill, which secures liberty to the race enfranchised by the late war, the proceedings were interrupted to announce the death of the last of the glorious band which, under **Washington**, won our freedom in the first war of the Republic. **Samuel Downing**, whose pic-



THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP "JERSEY."—[Drawn by Charles Parsons.]

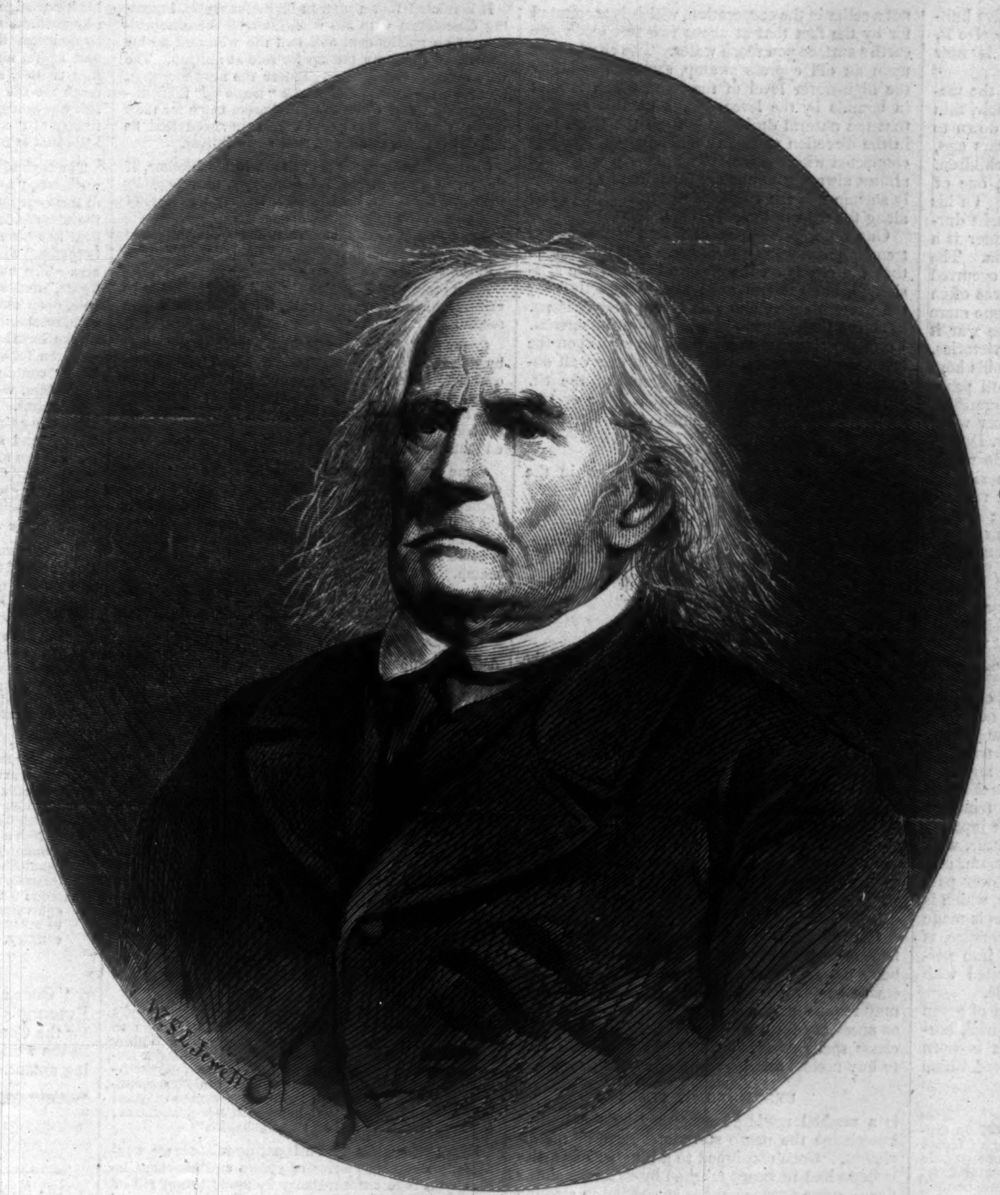
ture we give on this page, was the last Revolutionary soldier whose name was borne on the pension-roll at Washington, and doubtless the last of those who actually bore arms under **WASHINGTON**.

He was born near Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 30th day of November, 1760, and had therefore attained the remarkable age of one hundred and six years and three months. He entered the Revolutionary army at the age of sixteen, as a regularly enlisted man, and was at first detailed to duty with a detachment sent to guard a baggage-train *en route* from Exeter to Springfield, Massachusetts. Thence he marched to New Jersey, and subsequently to West Point, where he was on duty during the winter of 1776. In the following year he joined General **GATES**'s army, and served through the campaign which resulted in the surrender of **BURGOYNE** at Saratoga. After this event he was sent with a detachment to Schenectady and Fort Plain, to meet the force of Indians and Tories operating in that direction, and was engaged during the winter of 1777 in driving off these marauders.

Early in the spring of 1778 he was returned to Southern New York. On this march the command to which he belonged encountered a force of the enemy at Pine Bridge, near Peekskill, New York, and a sharp fight ensued, in which Colonel **GREENE**, the commander of the patriots, was killed. The scene of this engagement was very near the spot where **ANDRE** was captured. Little else is known of Mr. **DOWNING**'s Revolutionary career. He was one of the garrison at Newburgh during the winter of 1778, served in that vicinity until the end of the war, and was honorably discharged on the disbandment of the army at Newburgh.

A few years after his discharge and return to New Hampshire he married Miss **EUNICE GEORGE**, of Antrim, and in 1794 removed to the State of New York, settling upon or near the place where he died. It is on the north side of the Sacandaga River, a stream which takes its rise in Hamilton County and runs through Saratoga County, emptying into the Hudson at Hadley. His late dwelling is a two-story farm-house, built of wood, standing on a high hill, from which there is a gradual descent for some three miles through the hamlet of Beecher Hollow to the Sacandaga.

Mr. **DOWNING**'s health was always good until within a few months of his death, and his feats of strength were extraordinary for a man of his years. On the hundredth anniversary of his birthday he gave evidence of his good health and strength at a celebration of the event by his friends and neighbors. The day before his birthday (November 29) he went to Beecher Hollow, and spent the night at the house of an old friend. The next day a large number of people gathered at Beecher Hollow, with a band of music, and forming a procession to the number of thirty or forty sleigh-loads, escorted the old soldier to a neighboring wood, where a platform had been erected. Here Hon. **GEO. S. BATCHELLER**, a young townsman (now Inspector-General of New York), delivered a brief oration appropriate to the occasion, and then, with a new axe, especially purchased for the occasion, the old man cut down a hemlock-tree 22 inches in diameter. The procession re-formed and escorted Mr. **DOWNING** to his home, where he cut down a black cherry-tree measuring a foot in diameter, and then, digging through the snow and frost, he planted a small tree in the space before his residence. He thought nothing of walking to the neighboring village of Northville—a distance of five or six miles—and returning in the same manner and on the same day. In 1864 he paid a visit to New York city. In the spring of 1866 he accidentally fell while carrying an armful of wood, and injured his arm so seriously as to disable him, and from that time until his death his health was precarious.



SAMUEL DOWNING.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.]

When the first law granting pensions to Revolutionary soldiers passed Congress, March 18, 1818, Mr. **DOWNING** applied, and received a warrant, of which the following is a copy:

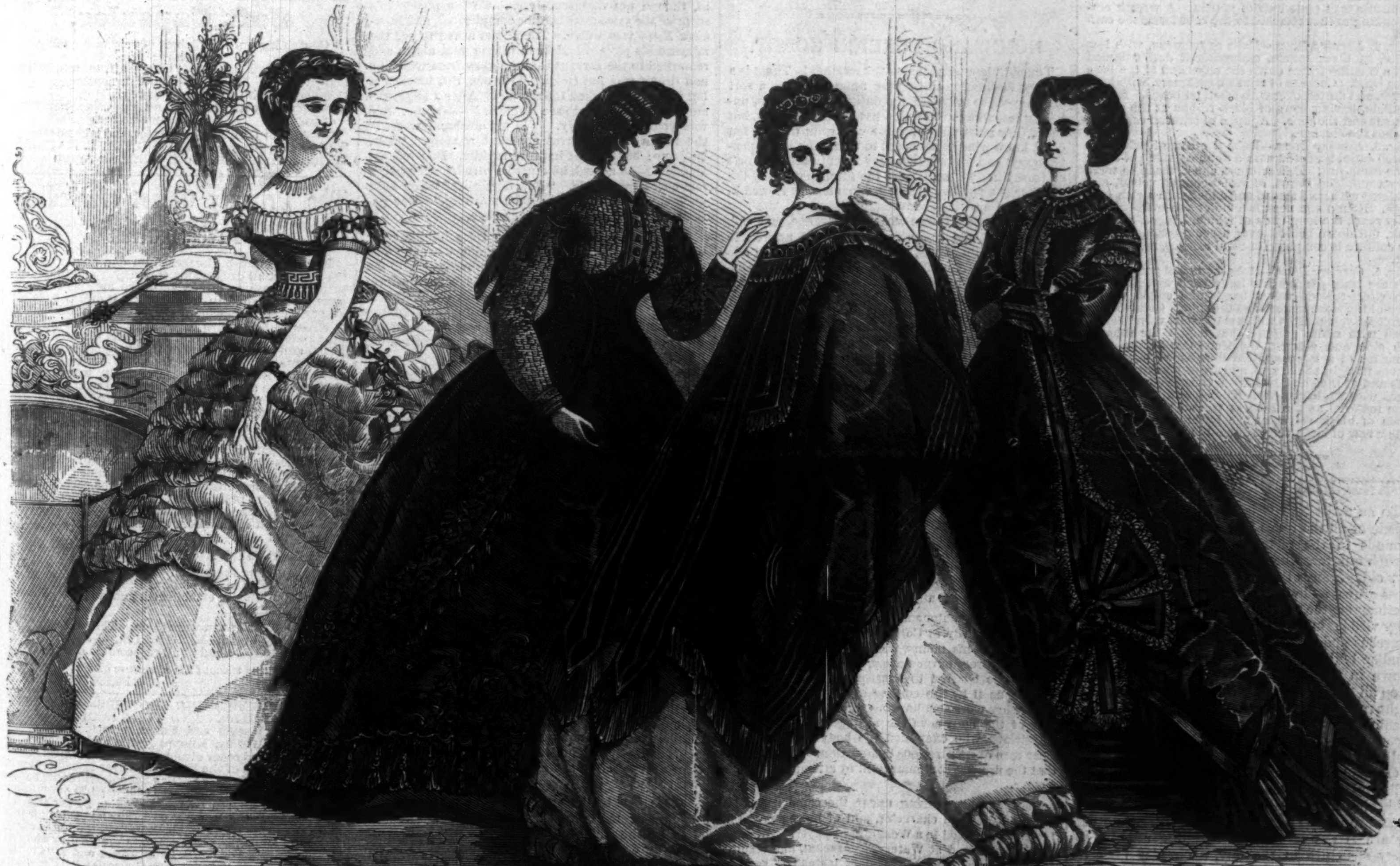
WAR DEPARTMENT.
REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS.

I certify that in conformity with the law of the United States of the 18th of March, 1818, **SAMUEL DOWNING**, late a private in the Army of the Revolution, is inscribed on the Pension List of the New York Agency, at the rate of Eight Dollars per month, to commence on the 24th day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

Given at the War Office of the United States this 27th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,
Secretary of War.

On April 1, 1864, Congress passed a law granting an additional pension of one hundred dollars *per annum* to all surviving Revolutionary Pensioners, and Mr. **DOWNING**'s name was at once put on the rolls for that pension. At the time of his death a bill was pending in the Senate to give



PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

Mr. Downing an additional annuity of five hundred dollars; but he did not live to receive it, and the Revolutionary Pension-Roll is now closed.

In appearance Mr. Downing was of the medium size, muscular and strong. His hair, thin and white, hung in unusual profusion down to his shoulders. His wife died many years ago, after having given birth to thirteen children. Only two of these survive their father, one of whom has a family of thirteen children. Of his numerous grandchildren three boys fought during the rebellion, and one grand-daughter is a teacher of freedmen at Norfolk, Virginia. The old man took a deep interest in all that occurred during the years of the rebellion, and was often heard to regret that he could not make one more campaign for his country. During the war it was his chief pleasure to hear of Union victories, and to keep note of the battles in which his boys were engaged. He prayed to live until peace came back to the country, and he was gratified, although he was disappointed in another wish, that he might see Jeff Davis hung. Mr. Downing was something of a politician. He would always vote, and always voted on the side of freedom and justice. He gave his first vote for Washington and his last for Lincoln; and in recounting his political experience he was always sure to say that he did not vote for Buchanan.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

The changes in fashion at the present moment are by no means striking, and are confined exclusively to indoor and evening dress.

An elegant evening dress is composed of a jupe of fawn-colored satin, the edge turned over and bordered with real gold lace; over the jupe is worn a tunic of fawn-colored velvet, trimmed with a bias of satin at the edges, and having long, loose hanging sleeves, with under-sleeves of fawn-colored satin, made perfectly tight and trimmed at the cuffs, with gold lace to match the jupe.

The robe *caprice* is of black-spotted tulle, with an insertion of jet beads down each seam, and with a double-plaited flounce at the lower part spread out some distance from the jupe, which is of pearl-gray satin. The bodice, which is made high and is worn over a gray satin corsage, is of spotted tulle, gathered at intervals into perpendicular bands, which are ornamented with insertions of jet beads to match the robe.

A somewhat stylish carriage dress is of green velvet, with a paletot of the same material, bordered with tufts of white feathers. It is worn over an under jupe of deep rose-colored China silk.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Ball Dress.*—Under jupe of white taffeta, dotted over with pale green beads, and having a Grecian border formed of similar ornaments. Robe of pale green silk gauze, puffed all over in horizontal lines, much shorter in front than at the sides and behind, and edged with pendent beads of pale green glass. From the right shoulder hangs a long sprig of white convolvoli, reaching to the bottom of the robe. The bodice, which is made low, is of white taffeta, ornamented above and below with green beads. The chemisette is of plated white muslin. A wreath corresponding to that attached to the robe forms the coiffure.

Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Robe *en fourreau*, with low bodice, in black taffeta, embroidered and trimmed with a chenille fringe down the sides and at the base of the skirt. Corsage of crimson cashmere, with long sleeves, and dotted over with small jet beads. Braces of taffeta, having bows of black ribbon at the shoulders, support the jupe. A jupon of crimson cashmere matches the corsage.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Robe *à queue* of primrose-colored satin, bordered with a double puffing of crape of the same tint. Ball or opera cloak, made to wear like an unfolded shawl, of violet-colored velvet, embroidered with gold thread and edged with a rich gold fringe. Round the neck is a violet and gold-colored velvet scarf, the long ends of which, fringed like the cloak, fall down behind over a square-shaped hood. The coiffure is composed of coral cameos, mounted in gold.

Fig. 4. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe *à queue* of pou-de-soie, with the train shaped into large vandykes, bordered with violet-colored velvet bands and edged with a ruche of the same material as the robe. Collar of violet-colored velvet, from which start violet velvet bands, edged with white guipure, that border the robe on each side and connect themselves with the train by means of a large semicircular-shaped bow. The sleeves fit tight to the arm, and are ornamented at the cuffs and at the shoulders with violet-colored velvet, edged with white guipure. The jupe, which is of the same material as the robe, is trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet at the lower part and has a double row of large velvet down the front.

SKETCHES OF NEW ORLEANS.

To an artist New Orleans is the most characteristic of all the cities of the United States. It abounds in the picturesque, especially in the French quarter, where some of the buildings are very old. Many of these are only one story high, moss-grown and weather-stained, with tiled roofs overhanging the streets, and the beams and scantling visible in the plastered walls. Catholic churches and monastic institutions overlook the smaller buildings, the institutions mostly withdrawn in the bosom of dreamy gardens, which sleep all day in the rays of the torrid sun, but at night rustle merrily to the cool sea-breeze which evening brings to fan the heated populace, who incontinently people the door-steps and sidewalks to enjoy it.

Of the better class of houses the principal peculiarity is the veranda, or gallery, not seldom projecting from several stories of the same building, and mostly of graceful iron-work. Another feature is the cistern, an unfailing adjunct to every structure in the city, a circular tank to catch the rain-water from the roofs of the houses, the Mississippi, the only other fresh water attainable, being not only filthy but unwholesome. These cisterns are occasionally quite elegant, rising out of a shrubbery of palms, bananas, pomegranates, and crape myrtles, and draped with honey-suckles and other flowering vines. The Crescent City has another distinction—there is not a cellar in the corporation, which is accounted for by the fact that at about two feet below the earth's surface you reach water. The city is built upon an old cypress swamp, several feet below the high-water level of the river, which is kept in bounds by the levee. It is on this account that the natural drainage is from the river, and in the direction of Lake Pontchartrain, which is connected with the sea. The gutters, which are almost always running, are inhabited by the lively shrimp and the crayfish, whose chimneys rise along the edge of the sidewalks.

One other peculiarity of New Orleans is extremely puzzling to a stranger. It is undeniable that the city is on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, but the sun rises always directly over the western shore, and sets *behind* New Orleans. Such are the mysterious windings of the stream. From the river little save the buildings upon the levee are visible; even those are pretty well obscured by the vessels; the dome of the St. Charles, the Custom-house, and a spire or two alone breaking up the monotony.

THE FRENCH QUARTER.

Among the other pictures is a view in the French quarter, which describes itself.

THE UNITED STATES MINT

is not now in operation. It is a picturesque collection of buildings, and we recommend to chimney builders the graceful pattern of the one attached to this institution.

THE FRENCH CEMETERY.

The scene in a cemetery is illustrative of the manner in which the people of these parts dispose of their dead. There being too much water below the surface to admit of digging graves, tombs are built upon the earth to contain the coffins. These tombs are of various sizes, containing from one to a dozen or two coffins, each supplied with a separate compartment, which is sealed up with masonry upon being filled, to be opened no more. Immortelles, wreaths, and crosses, fresh flowers, portraits, etc., decorate the graves, over each of which the changeful lizard sports.

SCENE ON THE LEVEE.

One of the scenes on the levee represents the fruit-dealers and vendors of shells, who haul their boats close up by the gangways of the river packets to supply passengers with what shells they may require before starting, it being considered as necessary for a traveler on steamboats to purchase shells as for one by the Washington cars to buy useless articles made of vegetable ivory.

UNLOADING BY FLAGS

is a method rendered necessary by the limited knowledge the negro stevedores have of the alphabet. Corn consigned to a number of parties is deposited in heaps marked by various-colored flags; some negro who has succeeded in stealing a knowledge of reading standing by the gangway to note the marks, and call the color of the flag to which it should be carried.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The old, time-worn topic—the weather! There is a strange fascination in harping upon it! It is a sort of safety-valve to fretful, discontented minds—an unfailing resource to those who have nothing to say, but think they must talk—to those who want to talk, but don't know what to say—and to those who have plenty to say, and know how to say it, but fancy it won't *do* to say it. To multitudes the fitful changes of the weather is a positive blessing, when simply viewed in the light of a topic of conversation!

Imagine for a moment what new, strange, gay, sad, witty, cross, and charming things were uttered in scores of family circles, when, last week, a third edition of "Snow-Bound" (not by Whittier), greatly enlarged and improved, was presented to the public! What hilarious rejoicing among the youthful caps and boots! What despairing looks among the ladies, and murmurs, "loud and deep," of *terrible walking!* What disconsolate pa-pas, who "*must* go down town," and "no cars!" Or, perchance, what a sober mamma, because papa, being down town, could not get home to dinner! Though, to be sure, there is not much of a dinner for him! The milkman had not made his appearance, and the market-man maliciously misunderstood a message, conveyed with infinite trouble, and sent no meat. What a boundless field for conversation! Even "little pet" has a limberer tongue than usual—she has been gleefully watching her brother making a "snow man," and her little head is full of new, strange fancies. There is no lack of chit-chat at home, although snow-bound.

Nevertheless, we are forced to say, "What a world of discomfort will this fresh fall of snow bring to our citizens!" Having relieved our mind by the utterance of this very original sentiment, we will contentedly pass to other subjects.

A case of "spontaneous combustion" is said to have occurred recently at Columbus. A German, very intemperate in his habits, was found dead in his shop, his lips entirely burned away, leaving a ghastly hole, his tongue charred to a crisp. His nose was also burned, as if by fire coming out of his nostrils, and his clothes were still burning when found. No other part of the body save the air-passages was burned. Physicians who examined the body pronounce it a clear case of spontaneous combustion. It is supposed that the fire was communicated by attempting to light a cigar.

Another case, passing under the same name, but quite different in character, and of more general interest, is reported in a Washington paper. This combustion occurred at Watervliet Arsenal, and resulted from the spreading of saw-dust instead of sand, as was ordered, on some linseed oil that had leaked from a barrel. The saw-dust, thus mixed with oil, ignited spontaneously in six hours, in a cellar where it had been placed in a box, but was discovered and the fire extinguished without much damage. The temperature of the cellar was 36 degrees, indicating that a low temperature will cause spontaneous combustion in a mixture of linseed oil and saw-dust.

It is related that a man in Maine, recently, becoming dissatisfied with his wife, invoked the interposition of an auctioneer! and had the wife and all his household furniture put up for sale at auction. The wife brought ten dollars. Before the next morning, however, the husband and wife "made up" their disagreement; and when the purchasers came for their property the original proprietor announced that he had changed his mind, and refused to deliver.

Charles Breusing, the proprietor, in his lifetime, of the music store at No. 701 Broadway, now kept by Beer and Schirmer, died in 1863, leaving an estate of $35,000 and the following will:

> When I die Regina Kaufman shall have all I leave behind me.
> C. Breusing.
>
> A. Hirsch.
> M. Hirsch.

After prolonged litigation the will was decided to be valid. This must be, we think, the briefest will upon record.

Queer mistakes are made in business transactions by illegible writing, bad spelling, and unauthorized contractions. Sometimes the misunderstanding is serious, more often ludicrous. A merchant of Natchez was recently amazed by receiving a bill of lading for ten boxes of tom-cats. Subsequent investigation showed that it should have been tomato catsup.

Some eccentric genius broke into the treasurer's office at Wabash, Indiana, a week or two ago, unlocked the safe and deposited twenty-five dollars in the cash drawer, leaving every thing else undisturbed. This new style of burglar would be likely to meet with a more kindly reception than those of the ordinary stamp.

A correspondent of a Boston paper gives his experience with New York hackmen something as follows:

Having a lady with him he took a carriage at the dépôt, and upon reaching the hotel he alighted and asked the price for the service.

"Five dollars," said Jehu.

Handing him a $5 greenback, the gentleman inquired quietly,

"What is your *Number?*"

"Four dollars," he answered, gruffly.

"Here are four dollars. What is your Number?"

"Three dollars," said the fellow, sulkily.

"Here are three. Now, your Number, Sir?"

"Two dollars—little 'nuff, too," rejoined the driver.

"Two, then; here they are. What is your Number?"

"*One* dollar, Cap'n—one dollar 'll do"—replied whip.

"Here is your dollar," said our friend, civilly; "all you are entitled to. It's no consequence as to your Number now. Good-morning."

The following is a good example of the origin of many slanderous stories which are in full tide of circulation:

> "Mother Jasper told me that she heard Greatwood's wife say that John Hardstone's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Trusty was present when the Widow Parkman said Captain Hartwell's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Miss Orley reckoned that Sam Trifle's better-half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Brimmer's woman say that her mother told her that she heard her grandfather say that Mrs. Garden had two husbands."

Every little while the Paris papers relate some wonderfully shocking stories of young and beautiful ladies who take extraordinary methods to get rid of their husbands. One fair and loving bride is stated to have filled her husband's bedroom with flowers, whose poisonous emanations killed him while he slept. Another tragic tale is, that a wealthy merchant was ill, though not dangerously so. To the physician's surprise the symptoms became complicated, and Monsieur X—— was worse. The doctor asked to see the mixture his patient had been taking that night, and remarked to the servant that the glass from which he had drank was not clean. "No one, Sir, touches it but Madame," replied the servant. After a slight examination he asked to see Madame X—— alone. She was young and lovely. "Is my husband worse?" she inquired with great apparent anxiety. "Yes, Madame; but he must improve rapidly. Do you hear, Madame?—in a week he must be cured." The lady's fair cheek grew pale. "But, doctor—" "You have understood me, Madame; good-morning." The patient recovered within the given time.

A singular invention to make trees imbibe color while growing is noticed in a London journal. The results were exhibited lately at the *conversazione* of the Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, in the form of beautiful sections and planchets of wood stained with various hues. Metallic salts are introduced into the substance of the growing tree, apparently carried up by the sap, and forced into the fibre and cells of the stem.

The rule of good French society is that a girl, until married, is never to speak to any man unless in the presence of her parents or guardians, and then only in monosyllables. A well-bred French girl knows that she is one day to be married, and looks forward to the event with pleasure as one which will give her an opportunity of making many old school-fellows jealous by the display of her *trousseau*. But she is supposed to have no preference on the subject. One day her father comes to her, and says, "My love, I have found you a husband!" To which she replies, kissing her father on the forehead, "Merci, mon père! who is it?" He gives the name, mentions a proximate day for the wedding, and then the young lady consults with her mother about the wedding outfit. But recently Mdlle. Baisson, a young French lady, regardless of these well-known rules, formed an attachment on her own responsibility. She had from infancy been under the care of her grandmother, but at this crisis her father interfered, declared he would never consent to the marriage, and demanded the custody of his daughter. The grandmother, taking the part of the young lady, declined to give her up, and the result was a prolonged litigation, ending, of course, in favor of the father. Mdlle. Baisson is now under parental authority, and must patiently wait until she is twenty-five—more than four years—before she can legally marry the man of her choice.

It is stated by those who have the means of knowing, that from 15,000 to 20,000 canary-birds have been imported into this country during the past year. These birds are estimated to be worth from $60,000 to $80,000. They are mostly found in the Hartz Mountains in Hanover, and take passage to America in the German steamers. The varied, native melodies of these songsters are, perhaps, sweeter than any thing that can be taught them. Still it is delightful as well as curious to hear their snatches of familiar tunes. A pretty little fellow at Delmonico's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street, whistles "Hail Columbia!" with charming sweetness and vivacity, until he reaches the limit of his knowledge, and makes a sudden stop on a comically unsuitable note in the middle of the air. He is by no means discouraged, however, but performs his part again, always concluding with a genuine little bird twitter, as much as to say, "Won't somebody teach me the rest?" We understand that this songster was brought from the South by a well-known gentleman of this city, and can be purchased for the snug little sum of $250.

The toys of the present day have, as the *Lancet* expresses it, "a dash of science" about them. And some of them are quite too dangerous to be introduced into the nursery, however amusing they may be. A good deal has been said in condemnation of "Pharoah's Serpents," which attracted so much attention a while ago. The newest sensation toy is named "Devil's Tears," and is composed of a little oval cotton capsule, open at one end, and covered by a layer of varnish, resembling closely red sweetmeats or the berries of the hawthorn, and might easily be mistaken by children for something good to eat. These "Devil's Tears" contain in the centre a little piece of the metal potassium, which inflames when brought in contact with water. There are several imitations made on the same principle, called "Juno's Tears," "Witch's Tears," and so on, all of which, when thrown into water, burn and explode, scattering little red-hot fragments in all directions, so that children who play with them run great danger of burns and other injury. Moreover, should one of these balls be swallowed the consequence would be almost assuredly fatal.

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary receives a hard hit from the Portland *Transcript;* and some characteristic definitions are quoted, which illustrate his peculiar facility in the art of defining. As our readers may not be familiar with this ancient Dictionary, a few specimens of his style may be *new* and amusing:

Cough: A convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity.

Excise: A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Favourite: A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.

Gallowstree: the tree of terrour.

Grub-street: The name of a street near Moorfields, London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.

Man: Not a woman, 3, Not a boy, 10, Not a beast.

Network: Any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

Pension: An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country.

"Once used, they recommend themselves."—Burnett's Standard Cooking Extracts, Kalliston for the Complexion, Florimel the finest Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine the best Hair-Dressing extant.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

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And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

The Primary Object of Medical Investigation

Is to distinguish diseases from one another. It is evident that all discussions concerning and treatment of any disease is utterly futile, so long as it is not clearly established in what respect it differs from all other diseases. For many years it was not considered possible to distinguish between pleurisy and pneumonia; between organic and functional diseases of the heart, and the same state of things applied to continued fevers and other affections. In our own day we meet with numberless cases of faulty investigation, finding often a patient clearly affected with a diseased condition of the liver, yet undergoing a regular course for the cure of rheumatism. Again, the *Materia Medica* is exhausted in furnishing cures for affections of the lungs, heart, and brain, when, in reality, these organs are in comparative perfect health, and the sole cause of trouble—a diseased liver—is entirely overlooked or unsuspected. Careful and long-continued investigation of these important subjects, on the part of a competent medical practitioner, led to the proper location and classification of evils arising from a diseased liver, and the result of his labors was an offering to suffering mankind of

A REMEDY WHICH INFALLIBLY CURES

all cases arising therefrom. The sovereign remedy to which we refer is *Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills.* Their reputation is established, and no family should be without them.

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A MODERN MIRACLE.—The magic Mirror, by which either lady or gentleman can produce their future husband or bride, the greatest thing yet out. Two mirrors sent to any address free by mail. Enclose 50 cents to DRAKE & CO., 38 Broadway, N.Y. N.B. Agents wanted.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS
OF THE
TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Order.

WILLIAMSTOWN, ORANGE COUNTY, VERMONT, *Jan.*, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTLEMEN,—The Tea I ordered before gives good satisfaction, and I send you another order amounting to $41 60, which you will please fill and send to my address by express. Many thanks for the complimentary package.

Respectfully yours, ALEXANDER SMITH.

4 lbs.	Young Hyson	C. A. Earl	at $1 25	$5 00
1 lb.	Black, best E. B.	C. A. Earl	at 1 20	1 20
4 lbs.	Young Hyson	John Clark	at 1 25	5 00
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	B. S. Harrington	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	D. D. Martin	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	A. S. Martin	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. Wakefield	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Wallace Martin	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Young Hyson	L. H. Merrill	at 1 25	1 25
	Carried up			$26 20
	Brought up			$26 20
2 lbs.	Best Japan	L. H. Merrill	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Young Hyson	D. M. Harrington	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Young Hyson	F. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Japan	F. Harrington	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	S. B. Bohonon	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Enos Town	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	Alex. Smith	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Japan	Alex. Smith	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Coffee, best	A. C. Boutwell	at 40	40
	Total			$41 60

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, NEAR CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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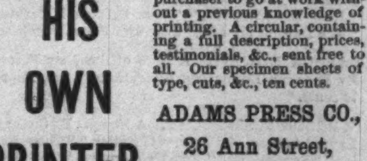

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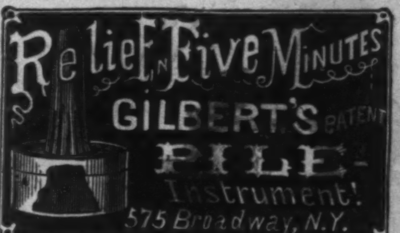

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DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.

ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c.,

J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully,

GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

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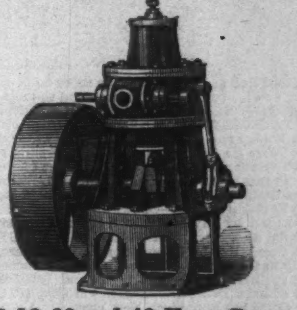

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